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THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY M. TIERNEY.

One day in bitterness of heart, imbued
With just a gathering shade of melancholy,
It chanced that, apropos to such a mood,
I mused upon a lengthened life of folly:

An age misspent in vain pursuit of bliss;
A phantom shape of bubbles oft accruing
Upon Life's battle-plain, too oft to miss
The longed-for prize; outstripped in the pursuing

By Fortune's favorite's. "Why then," I asked
Myself, in bitterness of meditation,
"Am I, while they in Fortune's smile have basked
So long, unnoticed in my desolation?"

"Surely," I thought, "I am no worse than they;"
Indeed, I deemed myself a trifle better
Than many whom I'd met in life's hard fray,
If I to truth adhere in every letter.

Now so it happened that, while deep in thought,
Unconsciously within a churchyard straying,
I passed among the many tablets fraught
With literature, reproachfully portraying

To me, the while surprisedly I read
Each lengthy catalogue of virtues many,
That very few among the peaceful dead,
While living on the earth, had sinned—if any.

Then as in all humility, I turned
My steps away, slow dawned upon my spirit
The saddening truth, that I alone was spurned
By Fortune as a sinner lacking merit.

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

ST. LAWRENCE thought for a few moments, and then said:

"I do not see that I should hesitate to give you the promise you require. I do trust you, both from what I have heard and what I have seen of you."

"Thank 'ee sir," Riggs replied, finishing his glass. "You see, sir, it wouldn't do to take a false step. Perhaps if this 'ere gent is in your confidence, he wouldn't mind giving the same promise."

"I was born deaf and dumb," said Douglas. "You needn't be afraid of me."

"Very good, sir," Riggs responded, with a slight elongation of his usual smile. "If some other folks had been born deaf and dumb, it might have been all the better for themselves and for others too. Good day, gentlemen. In a few days, or perhaps weeks, I may have something more to tell you, Mr. St. Lawrence. Thanks for your promise. Good day, sir. Don't trouble down—I can find my way out."

When the door closed on the detective's retreating figure, St. Lawrence rose and paced the room.

"This suspense is enough to drive a fellow wild," he exclaimed; "and I'm to do nothing—can do nothing!"

"It is hard," Douglas allowed. "But what can't be cured—you know the old saying. Cheer up, man. I'll bet you a dozen Havanas to an old paint-brush that all will come out right in the end."

"Heaven grant it!" St. Lawrence ejaculated. He continued to walk up and down for some time, and then threw himself into his chair again, tossing his hair back from his brow.

"By-the-bye, Douglas," he said, after a while, "what made you exclaim at the name of Dalton?"

"Way, it's the name of my little music mistress," said Douglas; "she's Miss Dalton."

"Oh," exclaimed St. Lawrence, laughing, "I thought you were not going to tell me the name!"

"It came out unawares," Douglas replied. "Ivy Cottage—I wonder whether it's the same; it sounds very like a nest for such a sweet little dove to coo in. Ivy Cottage, with a good studio in a north light, plenty of sitters who would pay well, and a dear little wife to make things pleasant and comfortable——"

"Half a dozen squalling children," St. Lawrence interrupted, "the doctor's brougham always at the door, long bills at Christmas——"

"Stop!" cried Douglas. "You may just as well let me enjoy my ideal—it will never be anything else; and in the meantime you'll go and make love to the fair Amaryllis, and I shall be nowhere."

"I am not in the falling in love vein; you need have no fear on that score," observed St. Lawrence.

"I say, Eustace, I want you to go with me to the promenade in the Botanical Garden on Wednesday. It's not bad fun—there are lots of pretty faces to be seen," said Douglas, as he took up his hat to go.

"Bother the promenade!" cried St. Lawrence.

"Now what's the use of going on like a bear with a sore ear?" Douglas remonstrated. "If you are Eustace St. Lawrence, why not enjoy life as Eustace St. Lawrence? Let the rest come after."

"Well, I'll go," promised Eustace. "I must distract my thoughts in some way, or I shall do something desperate."

"Not while you have your *dies dolentes* with you shall you do anything foolish," said Douglas. "Well, good-bye, old fellow! If you want C. D., you know where to find him."

So saying, the light hearted young portrait painter ran down stairs, and St. Lawrence was left to his meditations.

CHAPTER XII.

NO small matter would have kept Lord Alphington at home when he had appointed to meet his newly found grandson, but he was subject to severe attacks of gout, which he could only ward off by attention to first symptoms. He was a spare man, of temperate habits, but he had inherited this complaint probably from some indolent and self indulgent ancestor. On the day before he intended to go to town he felt a premonitory twinge that experience told him must not be neglected, so his journey was postponed till the Monday, by which time he hoped to be able to put his foot to the ground without fear.

Lord Alphington arrived at his town house in Magnus Square by one o'clock on Monday morning and found Mr. Thomson, the solicitor, waiting for him as appointed. Fancourt was to be there an hour later.

Lord Alphington shook Mr. Thomson cordially by the hand.

"You congratulate me, I am sure, my good friend," he said. "You know what I have gone through, what my lonely life has been to me, and now Heaven has been good to me in allowing me to embrace a son in my old age."

Mr. Thomson cleared his throat, and looked as if he did not quite know what to answer.

"Of course I congratulate you, my lord," he said. "Mr. Sedley, or Mr. Fancourt, as we must now call him, is still a young man. There is no doubt he will acquire the habits and manners of the class with which he will for the future associate. We must allow for defective education."

Something in the solicitor's tone made Lord Alphington uneasy.

"Defective education!" he repeated. "I understood that the young man had been educated at Yale College, and that he had traveled much since. He is surely a gentleman?"

Mr. Thomson coughed behind his hand.

"I believe he was at college, and, when I speak of defective education, I don't mean that he is exactly ignorant. He writes a good letter; but what you term traveling, my lord, I should prefer to call knocking about the world."

"You alarm me," said Lord Alphington; "I am sure by your manner you know something against this young man. Speak out, pray; however much it may distress me, it is better that I should know."

"Indeed, my lord, you take my words more seriously than they were intended," Mr. Thomson replied. "I know nothing whatever against Mr. Fancourt; perhaps, remembering what his father was, I felt disappointed. That is all, I assure you."

"He is not like his father, then?" Lord Alphington interrogated, glancing with a sigh at the portrait of a handsome, attractive looking young man which hung in the library where they were sitting.

"Not in the least; perhaps he takes after his mother's family," Mr. Thomson suggested.

Lord Alphington sighed again.

"We must not let any disappointment as to his appearance bias our judgment," said he. "I hoped there might have been a resemblance, but I have learned to put my hopes on one side. Let us proceed to business—time is creeping on."

Mr. Thomson proceeded to lay before Lord Alphington the proofs that had been placed in his hands. There was a considerable bundle of papers, all of which the Earl looked over carefully.

"It seems quite beyond a doubt that all is as we wish," he said, but in a less cheerful tone than that in which he had spoken when he met the solicitor. "How I wish all this had been known years ago, that I might have had the guardianship of the boy! However it is useless to regret the past. That opal ring is the only thing missing," he added, taking up a locket and examining it. "Did Fancourt explain its loss?"

"He spoke of having been robbed by a servant," Mr. Thomson replied. "I have placed that affair in the hands of a detective, as you directed—a very acute fellow, who has been engaged in more than one case that has come under my notice. If any man can follow it up, Riggs can."

Lord Alphington was about to reply, when the door of the room was thrown open and Mr. Fancourt announced.

Lord Alphington rose quickly, a look of painful anxiety upon his countenance. He was about to advance to meet the man who entered, but stopped short, the eagerness of his manner changing to cold *hauteur*.

Fancourt, in appearance much the same as when he had called at Ivy Cottage, came forward with an air half cringing, half presuming. Mr. Thomson, thinking that the Earl was in some uncertainty, also rose.

"Allow me to present to you your grandson, Lord Alphington," he said.

Lord Alphington waved him back.

"I know," he returned. "You have proved to me that this is Fancourt's son; as such he will receive every justice at my hands. Sit down, young man," he added, addressing Fancourt for the first time as he resumed his own seat.

Fancourt felt cowed and uncomfortable, but endeavoring to assume a nonchalant air, he waited for Lord Alphington to speak.

"When I wrote to you to make the appointment for you to meet me here to-day, I took Mr. Thomson's word for the correctness of the proofs," said Lord Alphington, in a chilling tone. "I have since looked over them myself, and I find them to be as he has stated. There are a few questions, however, that I wish to ask you."

Fancourt bowed.

"You have no recollection of your father, I presume?" said the Earl.

"None whatever, my lord," Fancourt replied; "he died when I was almost an infant."

"I do not know if you are aware that after my son's death, some report reached me that he had married and left a widow and son. I made inquiries, but could find no trace. Can you account for that?"

"Mr. Fancourt did not retain his own name in America: he married soon after his arrival, and assumed his wife's name—Sedley. You see by the register my name is put down as Sedley. After his death his wife left the place where they had been living, and returned to her own relations in the north."

"You are speaking of your father and mother, I suppose?" said Lord Alphington, in the same cold tone.

"Certainly, yes, my lord," Fancourt replied, with a shade of embarrassment.

Lord Alphington put several other questions, still maintaining so distant, almost severe a manner as to make Mr. Thomson sorry for the young man.

He had known that a disappointment awaited his client, but perhaps was scarcely prepared for its extent. When he had met this man as Sedley, in his ordinary dress and with his natural manner, he had been unfavorably impressed, but his utter unfitness for his new position had not struck him so forcibly then as it did now, and he felt sorry for him as well as for the Earl. It was an unfortunate business altogether, and Mr. Thomson began to wish he could have found some flaw in the proofs. Independently of his respect for him, he personally liked Lord Alphington; he had always been treated by him with courtesy and consideration. This stern and haughty bearing was new to him, and revealed at once to the clear sighted lawyer how great was the distaste the Earl had conceived for his grandson's appearance—a distaste, he feared, as he watched Fancourt's countenance and manner, which time was not likely to lessen.

Fancourt also perceived that he had not made a good impression; and at first this somewhat daunted him, and threw him out of his calculations. He on his side was disappointed. He knew that Lord Alphington was an old man, and he had come prepared to find him infirm, weak in mind, and a driveller, as he had expressed it to himself, whom he could easily manage. This noble looking man with keen eyes and clear intellect he had not been prepared to meet; and it took him some time to rally, to regain his usual audacity. In the end he consoled himself by the reflection that it would be all the pleasanter for him if Lord Alphington did not care to have much of his company. He would be obliged to make him a handsome allowance, and this he could spend with much more satisfaction to himself when removed from all restraint of surveillance.

In the meantime Lord Alphington was undergoing a mental struggle. He was a strictly just man. He began to argue with himself that he had no right to visit his disappointment upon the head of his grandson, or to refuse to hold out his hand because he differed so widely from what he had wished and hoped he might be. He determined as far as possible to endeavor to overcome the feelings of distrust and repugnance with which the man had at once inspired him, and at any rate to give him a fair trial before passing judgment.

He softened his tone, therefore, when Fancourt, having answered his questions, seemed to await his further pleasure.

"You had better dine with me this evening, and we will then discuss future plans more fully," he said. "Apartments will be placed at your disposal in this house, and all suitable arrangements will be made. I reside at Alphington Park almost entirely, so we shall not interfere with each other."

Fancourt began a profusion of thanks, but the Earl stopped him.

"The son of my son, and the heir to my title will receive what is his due," he said. "When we know each other better, personal regard may follow. Much will depend upon yourself."

He rose as a sign that the interview was over. Fancourt, taking the hint, prepared to withdraw. The Earl merely bowed, without holding out his hand, and Fancourt, after an answering bow, retired with a feeling of relief. With a deep sigh Lord Alphington threw himself into his chair again.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "is it within the bounds of possibility that that vulgar upstart can be Fancourt's son?"

"He had not a father's guidance," said Mr. Thomson, deprecatingly.

"But blood, my dear fellow—does that go for nothing?" demanded the Earl. "I wish—I wish—but that's of no use," he added, checking himself. "The disappointment is terrible. Instead of any comfort, any pleasure to look forward to, I shall have only anxiety, only fear that this man has done something, or will do something, to tarnish an honorable name. I cannot apply the epithet 'young' to him, for his appearance tells one that he is already old in vice and dissipation."

"Surely, my lord, we are judging hastily,"

Mr. Thomson remarked, seeking after some consolation. "Granted that Mr. Fancourt has sown his crop of wild oats, he may reform."

"Wild oats!" exclaimed the Earl, bitterly. "Say rather tares and thistles, or I am no judge of physiognomy."

He remained silent for a while, and Mr Thompson, observing his look of abstraction, took up his hat.

"You have no further commands for me, I think, my lord," he said.

"At present, none, thanks, Thomson," responded Lord Alphington, rousing himself. "After this evening I will communicate with you, if there is any further need."

They shook hands. Mr. Thomson, passing through the square, hailed a cab, and drove off to Westminster; while Lord Alphington remained in his library, buried in thought of no very pleasant description.

CHAPTER XIII

IT was a promenade day at the Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park—the time, a fine afternoon in May. The gardens were at their greatest beauty. The foliage of the trees was fresh in its young green; hyacinths, tulips, pansies, narcissus, and other sweet and bright flowers filled the parterres, while the great conservatory was gorgeous with azaleas, kalmias, cinerarias, and the whole host of the brilliant and fragrant blossoms of early summer. The ladies' toilettes, too, vied with the flowers, and the various groups wandering about the grounds, or assembled on the green sward to listen to the band, formed not the least attractive part of the spectacle.

It was through this scene that St. Lawrence and his friend Douglas were strolling on the Wednesday of the afternoon succeeding Mr. Riggs's visit.

Douglas would not allow that he was given to be idle. He insisted that to show himself in society was a means to an end.

"It is absolutely necessary for me to make myself known," he was in the habit of saying to St. Lawrence. "Society will easily forget me if I give it a chance of doing so. As for you landscape-painters, it is different; your works are everything, yourselves nothing. But, with a portrait painter, to make himself popular is half the game."

So, on this plea, Douglas spent much time in amusing himself. He had often before tried to persuade St. Lawrence to join him in his pleasure seeking, but generally in vain. Just now, however, St. Lawrence felt indisposed for work. The memory of his wrongs, kept fresh in his mind by his very endeavors to unravel the web by which he was entangled, set his blood in a ferment, and the suspense he had to undergo was terrible to him. He would have liked to meet face to face the man who had injured him. He would have liked to bring back those old times when he could have challenged his enemy to ordeal by arms, confident that truth would bear down falsehood in the fight. "Will the slow process of legal inquiry be as sure!" he sometimes asked himself. And now he had bound himself by a promise—he could stir neither hand nor foot in his own defence. He almost repented having given his such a promise. But he was not the man to recall his word when once it was pledged; he must resign himself to wait and endure, trusting that Providence in its own good time would unmask the fraud of which he had been the victim.

Thinking of these things as they wandered amongst the different groups, he scarcely listened to Douglas's lively flow of talk and only gave monosyllabic answers. Douglas caught him by the arm, and pointed with his cane to three ladies sitting together at a little distance.

"By Jove," exclaimed Douglas, "there is my little music mistress!"

"What a beautiful girl!" St. Lawrence said, his attention arrested by his companion's exclamation. "I thought you told me she was not handsome!"

"The shorter of the two is Miss Dalton," Douglas returned, impatiently. "Let us go round and come upon them on the other side as if by accident. I'll introduce you."

So saying, Douglas threaded his way through the crowd. St. Lawrence followed willingly, struck with the beauty of one of the ladies whom they were approaching. As they came in sight again, Douglas, enacting a start of surprise, advanced, lifting his hat.

"I am happy to see you here, Miss Dalton," he said. "This is a gayer scene than that in which we usually meet."

"I am glad to see that you too sometimes take holiday," responded Bertha, with a frank smile holding out her hand.

She liked the bright-spirited, agreeable young artist. Though but little had ever passed between them, she had learned to regard him as a friend. She introduced him to her mother and sister, and Douglas, in his turn, presented St. Lawrence.

The color deepened upon Lena's cheeks. Mrs Dalton received the two young men cordially. She had begun to feel it rather dull. It was a rare circumstance for her to appear in public without an attendant cavalier, and these two young men appeared at a fortunate moment.

"They are quite distinguished looking—particularly the taller, darker one," she seized a moment to whisper to Lena; "no one would suppose him to be only an artist."

The young men, perceiving that their presence was welcome to the eldest lady, remained near their several points of attraction. There was no difficulty in finding subjects of conversation. Critical remarks upon those around them were not spared by Douglas; and, though Bertha's comments were never ill-natured, she was as ready to enter into the humors of the scene as himself. Lena became animated in discussing the prospects of the season, and in observing the admiration she excited in the young landscape painter.

When they felt inclined for a stroll, St. Lawrence walked through the conservatory between Mrs. Dalton and Lena, while Douglas followed with Bertha, and, when the ladies found it time to leave the gardens, in the same order they sauntered down the principal walk to the entrance gate. Nor did they part company here. The two friends could do no less than accompany the ladies to the gate of Ivy Cottage, where they at last took leave, St. Lawrence having first obtained permission to bring his sketch book one evening to show Miss Dalton some American scenery.

"So it is the same family after all that Riggs spoke of," said Douglas. "How strangely things turn out!"

"What a lovely girl Miss Dalton is!" observed St. Lawrence. "I think I have never seen a face that struck me as being so beautiful."

"Yes, she is handsome, certainly," Douglas allowed; "but to my mind," he added, "there is a certain *spiritual* beauty in her sister's face which is far more attractive."

"Why, man, where are your eyes!" exclaimed St. Lawrence.

"Oh, of course, so far as form and color go, I've nothing to say," returned Douglas; "but look at the soul that shines out of the eyes of my Bertha. Bertha—by Jove, what a delicious name! How it falls from the lips softly, like Zephyr kissing a flower! One couldn't imagine a great, strong masculine woman going by the name of Bertha."

"Why, old fellow, are you really so far gone?" said St. Lawrence, smiling, and laying his hand on his companion's shoulder.

Douglas half laughed, half sighed.

"It's of no use—it wouldn't do," he confessed, giving himself a shake. "I'm much mistaken if the Dalton *mere* wouldn't be apt to ask with what worldly goods I could endow her daughter; and what could I mention? Two easels, a black velvet coat considerably the worse for wear, lots of empty bottles, and half a dozen meerschaums. She mightn't take the same view of the matter as I do, you see."

"Why don't you set to work in good earnest then?" asked St. Lawrence. "What a waster of time you are, Douglas!"

"Work? Waste of time!" cried Douglas. "Haven't I been parading myself in the expectation that folk would say, 'Do you see that handsome, clever looking young fellow? That's the celebrated Charles Douglas; you should let him paint your portrait.' But people won't take good advice, and don't come to have their portraits painted."

"Which is a deplorable mistake on their part," St Lawrence commented, in the same vein.

"Well, I don't know whether I am in love or not. They say lovers can live on air, but I'm blessed if I can!" said Douglas. "I'm desperately hungry."

"I'm rather inclined that way too," St. Lawrence confessed.

"Then entrust yourself to me, and you shall not repent it," said Douglas. "I am glad to find you are not going to subsist solely upon the black and melancholy humors that seem to have taken possession of you since your last interview with the redoubtable Riggs; nor yet upon your dream of fair women that has irradiated your countenance for the last few hours."

"I am but a prosaic mortal, you see, Douglas," explained St. Lawrence, smiling. "The one trouble is too deep down to affect the ordinary surface of my life, and for the other, I haven't quite lost my wits yet. Miss Dalton is born to 'walk in silk attire,' and not in a gown of frieze such as I could offer."

"But the gown of frieze may be only for a very short while, and some morning your wife might awake to find herself married to the 'Grand Panjandrum' himself, with 'the little round button at the top.' By Jove, what an opportunity for a romance!"

Thus talking, they walked down Baker street, and through Portman Square and so on to the West End restaurant where Douglas intended to dine.

In the meanwhile the ladies were canvassing the events of the day, and talking over their new acquaintance. Bertha had to relate where she had met Mr. Douglas, and what she knew of him.

"If Miss Beaumont is acquainted with him, it is all right, I am sure," said Mrs. Dalton. "Miss Beaumont is obliged to be very particular with her school. There can be no objection to Mr Douglas and his friend's calling here occasionally."

Mrs. Dalton complacently smoothed and folded her mantle as she uttered these words of wisdom.

"Mr. St. Lawrence was evidently very much struck with you, Lena," she added, presently. "Did you not observe how anxiously he looked towards you when he asked leave to bring his American sketches? But I can trust you, my love. Of course he is very well as an acquaintance—nothing more."

"He is infinitely superior to Mr. Fancourt, at any rate," Bertha interposed.

"What does his superiority signify!" rejoined Lena. "That does not make him grandson of Lord Alphington!"

Lena sighed. Could her heart have been touched so soon? What was it that responded to St Lawrence's expressive glances, to the tone of his voice? Why did a shiver pass through her, as if a cold mist had suddenly obscured the sun, as she contrasted him with that other man whose wife she had already in her own mind determined to be! In the meantime, however, she might receive St. Lawrence's homage to her charms. She did not feel bound to turn a deaf ear to other admirers, either now or hereafter, because she could bestow her hand only on one.

"I shall like so much to see the sketches," observed Bertha—"I delight in sketches."

"Very well then," said Lena, with a faint smile; "since mamma has set Mr. St. Lawrence down as one of my adorers already, you shall take the sketch book and I the artist."

"Agreed; I am quite willing," returned Bertha, laughing; and there the subject dropped.

CHAPTER XIV.

ST. LAWRENCE was not long in availing himself of Mrs. Dalton's permission to call. He appeared at Ivy Cottage early in the following week, a well filled sketch-book under his arm.

It was a warm evening; the bay-window of the pretty drawing room stood open, and the scent of lilac, hawthorn, and other spring blossoms came wafted in with the breeze. Lena sat at the window, with a morsel of lacework in her hand; she looked lovely in her spotless white dress, and was perfectly conscious that she did so. Bertha, on the contrary, was pale, and appeared tired. She had seated herself in the shadow of the curtain, in order to rest her eyes. The day was hot for the early season; she had been at Miss Beaumont's school, where she had many pupils, some of whom were so totally wanting in both ear and taste for music that she felt the lessons only waste of time on both sides—and this added greatly to her fatigue. Mrs. Dalton reclined in a lounging chair, a novel in her hand.

They all for different reasons united in welcoming St. Lawrence. Mrs Dalton was always glad of a change—of anything that saved her the trouble of amusing herself. Lena was ready to seize the opportunity of deepening the impression she had already made; and Bertha was pleased with the prospect of turning over the sketch-book.

St. Lawrence delighted in female society—the more so, perhaps, as circumstances had offered him few opportunities of indulging his taste in that direction. This elegant little home, Mrs. Dalton's pleasant, cordial manner, and the beauty and grace of at least one of its inmates charmed him. He congratulated himself on obtaining an introduction to a family with whom he might occasionally pass an hour or two agreeably.

If Lena's beauty had struck him at first sight, he seemed only to be aware of its perfection now that he saw her at home—plaits of golden hair crowning her lovely head, soft white drapery floating about her graceful form—and to Lena he devoted himself for the first part of the evening. During the hour or two, however, in which the sketch-book was displayed, he felt chilled and disappointed. Lena professed a love for art, and declared that of all things she delighted in sketching from nature; but St Lawrence soon found that she had no knowledge of the subject, and began strongly to suspect that she had no real feeling. He was not the man to admire a shallow or ignorant observation because it fell from beautiful lips; and, almost involuntarily, his eyes sought Bertha's countenance, as she turned over the book.

He could not but notice how the jaded look vanished from her face, how her color rose, her eyes brightened, and the thought passed through his mind that Douglas was right, that this girl was lovely with a far more *spiritual* beauty than her elder sister.

After the sketches had been turned over and the book closed, they sat by the open window talking through the long twilight. St. Lawrence had traveled in many lands, and was an accurate observer of men and things. Topic after topic presented itself—Bertha's intelligent questions and bright observations, sometimes fanciful, sometimes serious, keeping the conversation alive. Mrs. Dalton, unless she could run on in her own way upon some subject of momentary interest, was too indolent to talk, even if she had been endowed with any conversational powers. Lena had no idea of any necessity for exerting herself, or she would probably have made some effort on the present occasion. It was enough for her to look and smile—and she did smile on the young landscape painter, making no doubt but she was raising him to the seventh heaven by her condescension.

They were sitting by the bay window, looking into the garden; the sun was setting to the right, casting long shadows from the trees across the lawn; bands of gray cloud intersected the amber sky, taking a tinge of rose on their edges—a tint of pale pure green intervened between the gold below and the blue above.

"What a lovely sunset! What glorious colors!" Bertha exclaimed, as she sat opposite her sister, fronting the sun.

"I think few people are sufficiently impressed by the beauty of color," remarked St. Lawrence. "I believe in nine cases out of ten those who profess to admire jewels and flowers would turn with indifference from the splendor of the sky, or with perhaps a mere casual observation, chiefly relating to its promise of fine weather. But only look what jewel radiance is displayed before us there—topaz, sapphire, chrysolite, and amethyst."

"And the whole one great opal," supplemented Bertha.

"I believe your head runs upon opals," laughed Lena.

"Did I not hear something about an antique opal ring that came into your possession, and then disappeared again in an unaccountable manner?" said St Lawrence, addressing himself to Lena. "It is strange how reports fly about. Does rumor this time tell the truth?"

"The story of that tiresome ring is Bertha's," answered Lena. "I am sure we have heard enough of it. But Bertha, I dare say, will tell you about it if you wish. I really have nothing to do with it."

St. Lawrence turned inquiringly to Bertha, who related all she knew of the circumstances—her adventure in the omnibus, her call upon Mrs. Lemont, and the subsequent loss of the ring during her absence, when she had found Lord Alphington to be its owner.

"You think, from the appearance of the man who lost the ring, that he could not have been the legitimate owner?" interrogated St Lawrence. "What was it about him that made you think so?"

Bertha described the man, and St Lawrence remained for a few minutes as if lost in thought, and then, rousing himself, he thanked Bertha for her story.

"It is altogether a singular incident," he said; "I shall feel much interested in knowing if anything further comes of it."

"I will tell you if anything more is ever heard," promised Bertha; "the story certainly ought to have a conclusion—especially with the prophecy attached to it."

"What is that?" St. Lawrence asked.

"Only nonsense," Mrs. Dalton interposed. "I wonder that you repeat such stuff, Bertha, when you know how impossible it is that it can ever be fulfilled in your case."

"It is just because it is so absurdly impossible that I do repeat it," Bertha rejoined, smiling.

"Let me hear this absurd impossibility," St. Lawrence requested.

"Lord Alphington is my authority," said Bertha. "He told me of an old tradition in the family that whoever wore the ring for three times seven days—I think that was the charmed number—would be Countess of Alphington. I suppose the inventor of the prophecy believed the ring to be too small for any but a lady's hand. I wonder how long that little man in the omnibus wore it on his bird's claw-like finger."

"The man seems to have impressed you," observed St Lawrence, looking at Bertha with an expression of great interest, as if he began to see her in a new light. "Would you recognise him if you saw him again?"

"Immediately," Bertha returned. "I should know him by his restless black eyes, too near together, his thin aquiline nose, his thin lips, always in motion, and his dark hair in little corkscrew curls."

"It's quite ridiculous how you notice people's faces, Bertha," put in Mrs Dalton. "I never do. And yet you are not what I call observant. You didn't see that Mrs. Maxwell had on a new bonnet at church last Sunday."

"I suppose we don't all observe the same things mamma," Bertha said, and a smile played round the corners of her lips.

St. Lawrence was plunged in thought for a few minutes, and then he again regarded Bertha with the same expression of deep interest.

"Did you wear that ring the approved number of days?" he asked, recurring to the prophecy.

"I wore it rather more than a month; so I suppose the charm was broken," she replied.

"I think we are never to hear the last of that ring," said Mrs. Dalton. "The first time Mr. Fancourt called upon us his visit was about that ring."

"Mr Fancourt!" St Lawrence exclaimed, a sharp ring in his voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is never well to joke on serious subjects, for before you know it you may be bitten. Archbishop Laud, who was a man of small stature, was asked when at dinner with Charles I. to say grace. He turned, joccsely, to the king's jester, who was present, and asked him to say it instead. The jester gravely bowed his head and said solemnly, "Great praise be given to God and little land to the devil. Amen."

Important Notice!

☞As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Granttown, N. C., May 18, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—The premium ring received. I am well pleased with it. It is all you represented it to be. D. P. L.

Post Office, Peak, S. C., May 9.

Gents:—Diamante Brilliante ring received. Accept thanks. I could sell it this evening for $5 00. J. C.

Lewisburg, Kans., May 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your premium ring, and I am well pleased, as it is has indeed exceeded my expectations. As for the paper, I look for it as I would for a dear friend. Please accept my many thanks. MRS. F. C.

Rockville, Mass., May 9, 1881.

Gen'lemen:—The stud was duly received a few days ago. Am very much pleased with it; think it alone is worth all you ask for your paper. Every one asks, "Where did you get that diamond?" F. E. C.

Parrytown, N. Y., May 9, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium and am so pleased with the earrings. They are lovely. Please accept my sincere thanks. I enjoy the Post very much. C. E. G.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 8, 1881.

Editors Post:—The earrings you sent give entire satisfaction. They are better than I expected. They are all you represent. I like the paper very much. H. O. F.

Hudson, Ohio, May 10, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received your valuable premium Diamante ring, and am well pleased with it. It is all you represent it to be. H. T.

Butler, Pa., May 9, 1881.

Gentlemen:—The premium was received and am much delighted with them. So is all that see them. MRS. W. A. L.

New York, May 9, 1881.—

Editors Post:—I received the earrings and am much pleased with them. I have shown them to quite a number of friends, and will try to get some subscribers for you. E. A. M.

Hoboken, N. Y., May 11, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Received premium all right. Was much pleased with the same. S. N.

Alexandria, La., May 12, 1881.

Gentlemen:—Many thanks for the beautiful premium. The earrings are lovely, and have been very much admired. Your paper is an admirable one. Long live the Post. MRS. A. E. C.

Columbia, Ala., May 7, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am well pleased with your premium. My friends agree with me in saying it is beautiful. You will hear from them in a few days. You deserve the thanks of your many readers for your Brilliants, and your efforts to make your paper what it really is—a first class home paper. E. T.

Alliance, Ohio, May 7, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your valuable premium Diamante ring, and am well pleased with it. MRS J. H.

Enfield, N. C., May 2, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received your premium earrings. They are so neat and beautiful. Your paper is also highly appreciated. I will do all I can to extend the circulation of the Post. A. J. B.

Lovengood, Ky., May 12, 1881.

Editors of Saturday Evening Post.—Your premium earrings have been duly received, and I find them all that they have been represented. They look like real diamonds. I like your paper very much. L. F. W.

Monticello, N. Y., May 11, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received both ring and pave in due time; am very much pleased with both. The ring is much better than I expected or thought you could afford to send. M. J.

Sheridan, Mich., May 12, 1881.

Editors Post:—I received the ring you sent, and I pronounce it superb. As to the Post, it just suits me, price and all. C. S. D.

Sandy Level, May 10, 1881.

Editors Post:—The Diamante ring came duly to hand. I think it well worth the money. I like the Post very much. J. A. M.

Lincoln, Neb., May 9, 1881.

Editors Post:—I have received the Diamante ring, and I am well pleased with it, and think there is no better paper than the Post. S. F. L.

Cincinnati, May 11, 1881.

Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your superb premium stud reached me safely, and I am astonished, proud and grateful. It is all you claim for it, truly a princely gift. May the shadow of the Saturday Evening Post never grow less. Will write you soon. H. F. C.

Robbins S. C., May 8, 1881.

Editor Post:—Premium and papers received; am very much pleased with them. I think the premium alone worth the money. W. H., P. M.

Williamsport, Pa., May 7, 1881.

Saturday Post:—I received the premium ring and well pleased with it. It is all that is represented. I would not be without the paper. F. W. E.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 Sansom Street, Philada.

IN THE DESERT.

ALMOST everything relating to Egypt is of undying interest. Its vast antiquity, its colossal monuments, its strange history, its mystic religions, its peculiar physical characteristics, have each and all formed the subject of investigation by the scholar, the antiquary, and the naturalist.

To that land itself there is attached a peculiar interest. In its physical characteristics, it stands alone among the nations. A rainless country, whose soil would soon be transmuted into endless wastes of drifting sand, but that its river, the mysterious Nile, periodically rises and overflows its banks, leaving along its course a stretch of submerged country, which, when the waters once more retire to their wonted channel, is found to have become fertilized and enriched, ready to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land. But this tract of cultivated and cultivable soil bears but a small proportion to the boundless areas of desert and wilderness, extending to thousands of square miles, which lie beyond the valley of the Nile. These deserts are mere wastes of blown sand, with rarely a pile of grass to refresh the weary eye, and scarcely a living thing to be seen for miles, except the hungry vulture that follows in the track of the caravan, as the shark is said to swim in the wake of the doomed vessel. Little is known of this wild and weird wilderness, "a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt."

A writer who once crossed it says: "The moment we leave the banks of the Nile, we enter a world entirely strange and new—a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets or springs; nothing but scanty and mere or less brackish wells, at long intervals, and in the mountain regions, some natural rocky reservoirs, where the rare rain water collects in the brief and uncertain rainy season.

In carrying the water, which must be provided before the start, and before they reach the first well, the natives employ exclusively goat and ox skins. When a goat is killed, they cut off his head and his legs at the hocks and knees; and after splitting the skin a short way down his breast, turn him out of his jacket by pulling it off like a stocking. After the skin is cured, the legs are tightly tied up, leaving only the neck open; and thus a large bottle is formed capable of holding from six to ten gallons according to the size of the defunct goat. These water-skins, after a few days' use, keep the water very sweet. In the excessive heat of the desert, however, they lose a great quantity of their contents by evaporation.

As a consequence, water in the desert is a very precious possession; for should the traveler find that the well on which he relied has gone dry it may mean death to him in one of its cruellest forms. In that waterless land, therefore, even the pious Arab abstains from his religious ablutions before prayer, his law in such a case permitting him to wash his hands and feet with sand. As a rule, the water found in the scattered wells is very bad. The first thing on arriving at a well is to taste its water, and everyone takes a sip, rolling it in his mouth and testing it as epicures do rare wines. Great is the joy if it is pronounced "sweet water;" but when the guides say "not good," you know it is a strong solution of Epsom salts.

The camel is the true monarch of this waste. The Arabian camel has but one hump, and seldom exceeds nine feet to the top of it. His proper home is the desert. In richer lands, where food is very abundant, the camel becomes larger and coarser, and loses his most valuable quality, that of being able to live on little food, and of passing many days without food at all. The camel and the dromedary are the same animal, differing only in breed, as the cart-horse differs from the race-horse. The dromedary corresponds to the latter, and is used to ride on. With no load but his rider, water skin, and a little food, he may travel a hundred miles a day for four or five days without injury. On an emergency, he can even go one hundred and fifty miles a day, a stress, however, that renders the poor animal useless afterwards. The burden camel, corresponding to our dray or cart horse, carries a load of four hundred pounds, and walks two and a half miles an hour, regularly as a clock. He is coarser, heavier and slower than the dromedary.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first they call wildernesses, being diversified by valleys or water-courses, where their flocks can wander and find pasture. The second is the desert proper, consisting of hard gravel, diversified by zones of deep sands rocky belts, and rugged defiles. It is absolutely and entirely destitute of all vegetation. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the eyes, which are painfully affected by the fierce reflection of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No shade whatever is to be found, unless it is cast by some great rock. These wastes, generally nine or ten days' journey across, are like oceans, which you may traverse on your four-footed ship, but where you may not tarry, and where caravans cross each other like vessels on the ocean.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

MANY years ago, there lived in Naples a matron by name Corsina, the widow of a cavalier known as Romonda. Corsina had been left with an only child, a son named Carlo, who was in every way the counterpart of his father.

The mother resolved that he should inherit all her fortune, and determined that he should learn all the arts and accomplishments of his age. She engaged a master for her son, and furnished him with books and every other necessary, and sent him to Bologna.

There the youth made rapid progress, and speedily became a ripe scholar, and his fellow students admired him for his genius, and loved him for the excellence of his life.

In course of time the boy became a young man; and, having finished his studies, prepared himself to return home to Naples, when he suddenly fell into an illness, which baffled the skill of all the physicians in Bologna.

When Carlo found that death was inevitable, he thus ruminated with himself: "I am not troubled for my own sake, but for my cherished and disconsolate mother, who has no child save me, in whom she has garnered all her earthly hopes, and to whom she looks for future support, and for the regeneration of her house. And when she knows that I am dead, and that, too, without her even seeing me, sure I am that she will suffer fearfully."

Thus did he lament more for his mother than for himself. Dwelling on these thoughts, he conceived a plan by which he hoped to lessen the bitterness of his death to his parent, to which end he wrote her a letter in the following words:—

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

"I entreat that you will send me a shirt made by the hands of the most cheerful woman in Naples—a woman who shall be free from every sorrow every care."

This letter was despatched to his mother, who instantly disposed herself to fulfil the entreaty of her son.

She searched throughout Naples, and where from outward appearance, she hoped to find the woman free from sorrow, there she learnt a story of some lurking grief—some deep, though well-distinguished affliction.

At this, Corsina said, "I see there is no one free from misery; there is no woman who has not her tribulation; and those who seem the happiest have often the deepest cause of wretchedness."

With this conviction, she answered the letter of her son, excusing herself for the nonfulfilment of her commission, assuring him that, with all her search, she had not been able to discover a person such as he desired should make the garment.

In a few days she received the tidings of her son's death; it was then she felt the full wisdom of the lesson he had taught her, and endured her loss with meekness and resignation. M. S.

DEATH AS A MIRROR.—One of the most singular facts of our existence is the intensity and rapidity with which incidents in our past life are presented to us when death comes in a sudden or a violent form, especially in cases of drowning. An accident occurred some time since on the Hudson river, by which a number of persons were precipitated into the water, and were nearly drowned. Among the number was an editor, who describes his sensations while under water, and in a drowning condition, to have been pleasant, but peculiar, it seeming to him that every event of his past life crowded upon his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown; but seemed only to regret that such an interesting "item" as his sensations should be lost. This is an exceedingly apt illustration of the maxim that "the ruling passion is strong in death." A still more singular story is told of a person who held a promissory note of another's which had run for several years; but which, on maturity, he found he had put away so carefully that he could not find it. Several years passed away without the note being found, when the person who had owned the note was bathing one day, was seized with cramp, and rescued by companions just as he had become unconscious, and sank for the last time. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of sufficient strength to walk, he went to his book case, reached down a book, opened it, and handed the long-lost note to a friend who was present, stating to him that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, never to rise again, there instantly stood out before his mind, in a moment, seemingly as though a picture, every act and event of his life, from the hour of his sinking in the water, and among his acts the circumstance of his putting the note in a book, the name of the book, and the very spot it stood in the book case.

An intimate friend of the Disraeli family says Benjamin derived much of his early training from the careful teaching of an elder sister.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

GOOD OLD TIMES.—One of the earliest provincial newspapers in the southern part of the British kingdom was printed by a man, who used to insert the intelligence from Yorkshire under the head of "Foreign News."

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.—A man in the Sulphur Bluff country, a few months ago, found three little orphan pigs, which he carried home and placed with a litter of pups, to be suckled by the mother of the baby canines. The pigs grew and the pups grew, fed and nourished by the same udders. The other day the owner carried the pups out for a deer chase. One of the pigs followed, and, when the deer was jumped, followed in the chase and ran two full hours beside his adopted brothers.

POETS AND INSANITY.—Aristotle the philosopher, laid it down as a maxim, that "There was no great genius without a mixture of insanity." This philosopher carried the sentiment to so great an extent, that he affirmed no poet was in possession of his right mind. He quotes, in illustration of his opinion, the case of a citizen of Syracuse, who, when he had lost his senses, became a fine poet; but who, on recovering them, ceased to possess the talent. It has been maintained, for similar reasons, by the poet Dryden, that poets are slightly related to lunatics.

BURNING JUDAS.—One of the after-Easter ceremonies of the Mexican is the burning of Judas. Almost the entire Spanish, Mexican and Indian population of the surrounding country came together this year to participate in this relic of old ecclesiastical custom. An effigy of the traitor was first hanged by the neck to a telegraph pole, around which was heaped plunder that had been gathered during the night. Afterward the effigy was taken down, filled with bombs, decorated with firecrackers, and burned, while crowds of fellow sinners of all creeds and complexions stood by and enjoyed the spectacle.

DROPPING THEIR LIMBS.—Animals which lie concealed by day under stones, have by nature the power of throwing off their limbs, which are soon restored after the fashion of buds; and it is wisely ordered, for the force of tides and accidents might crush, or hold in captivity, many creatures which would have now only to throw off a crushed or injured limb to escape from the danger. Some night-feeding lizards in an instant jerk off their tails. Crabs throw off their arms, while some snakes cast off every portion of their body, except the small central abdomen. Without this power, how often would these creatures perish!

WITHOUT FOOD.—A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten. A French student had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence that it immediately killed another large spider, equally vigorous, but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. The famous surgeon, Hunter, inclosed a toad between two stone flower pots, and found it as lively as ever after fourteen months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for eighteen months; a beetle has been kept in a state of total abstinence for three years. It afterwards made its escape. A writer gives an account of two serpents that lived in a bottle without any food for five years.

THE DANCING MAID.—It is related by a famous physician of the 16th century, that he remembered in his youth the authorities of Basle in Switzerland having commissioned several powerful men to dance with a girl who had the dancing mania, till she recovered from her disorder. They successively relieved each other, and this singular mode of cure lasted above four weeks, when the patient fell down exhausted, and being quite unable to stand, was carried to an hospital, where she recovered. She had remained in her clothes all the time, and, entirely regardless of the pain of her lacerated feet, she had merely sat down occasionally to take some nourishment, or to slumber, during which the hopping movement of her body continued.

USE OF SAWDUST.—There are 500 vendors of sawdust in New York, with a capital of $200,000 invested, and an annual business of over $2,000,000. Four decades ago mills were glad to have the sawdust carted away; twenty five years ago it was worth only 50 cents a load; it is now worth $3 50 a load at the mills. It is used principally at hotels, eating-houses, groceries, and other business places. When wet and spread over the floors it makes the sweeping cleaner work, and prevents the rising of dust. Packers of glass, soda water, and many other small articles use it. It is used by plumbers about pipes and buildings to deaden walls, floors and ceilings. Dolls and some living bipeds are more or less stuffed with it. Yellow pine makes the least dust, and best sawdust, and has a pungent agreeable odor. Any white wood dust will answer for the above purposes. Black walnut sawdust, which has generally been burned because it would not sell in the market, has lately proved to be very valuable for the tumbling process of pin manufacture.

THE PAUSE

BY E. PURCELL.

So deep her dream of coming good,
So vast her gaze down passion's flood
By sunny reach and shadowy weed,
So bold and shy in maidenhood
On fancy's treacherous step she stood,
Her will perforce must sleep;
The life beyond was flat and gray;
Before, a swelling prospect lay;
And one was whispering her to stay,
And one was beckoning her away—
It was not hers to say him nay;
And yet—she fails to weep.

In piteous tremor by her side
The voice to each warm wish replied
With words of duty, home, and pride—
Here, certain peace—there, hopes untried,
And now she mused, and now she sighed;
But scarce she strives to speak.
For on her wrist she felt a hand,
So softly strong its master band;
A flattering breath her forehead fanned
With vows 'twere treason to withstand
Or be they writ on rock or sand.
Yet—dare she then be weak?

Poor child! from such a dream to wake!
One word the maiden spell shall break—
One step her moment's empire shake.
This heart shall glow, her heart shall ache:
And fain she neither would forsake—
By either would be won.
So at the blushing of the skies
The sun jeweled cradle lies;
Day cannot be unless he rise;
He lifts—the painted magic flies—
He clouds at noon—at eve he dies—
And yet—it is the sun.

Midget's Greed.

BY HENRY PRYER.

"MIDGET! MIDGET!"

Robert Courtenay's voice rang out joyously through the hall and parlor of his pretty home, but awoke no answering call.

For Midget was not there, and the gentleman stood and pulled his moustache perplexedly, with something very like a frown contracting his broad brow.

It was the first time in the blissful five months of their wedded life that his pretty wee wife had failed to greet him at his home coming; and foolish as he felt it to be, he was conscious of keen disappointment.

Footsteps came along the hall.

"Is that you, Mr. Courtenay?" cried the little maid-of-all-work, hurrying up to him.

"Yes, Jane. Where is your mistress?"

"I don't know, sir," the girl answered. 'She ain't been home since she walked to the station with you this morning, and Miss Hunt's nurse see a young man in a carriage stop and talk with her and then take her away."

Mr. Courtenay stared at the girl in amazement.

"And there ain't scarcely anything in the house for dinner, for Mrs. Courtenay didn't do no marketing."

Mr. Courtenay turned away decidedly vexed that Midget should be absent and neglectful of him when he had hastened home eager to communicate to her a piece of good news.

He surmised that she had been hoaxed into spending the day with some friends, and was so enjoying herself that she had quite forgotten his wants.

He must—he would know where she was; and so putting on his hat, he went out into the summer twilight, on such a weary, fruitless quest, to come back with a white agonized face, a heart filled with anguish, a brain covered with dreadful suspicions.

It was nearly midnight when Mr. Courtenay returned to his desolated home, and until morning and such time as he could get by the early morning train to town, he paced the floor in unspeakable misery, seeking vainly for a solution to what he had learned that night—that his wife had gone to town that morning in the very next train to his own, and had been driven to the station by Clarence Faxton of the Beeches, who had just returned from three years of travel.

Robert knew that Mrs. Courtenay was slightly acquainted with the Misses Faxton, and dimly remembered having heard her mention their brother Clarence.

Could it be possible that this young man had been a former lover of Midget's, and that he had caused her to regret having chosen the poor suitor instead of waiting for the rich one?

But the strong man's suspense and agony of that night were but the beginning of the end.

A week passed and all efforts to trace the fugitives had proved fruitless.

Neither the master of the Beeches nor the daughter of his school-teacher had been found, and Robert was nearly insane with fear and grief, when a message from the Beeches promised to throw some light on the mystery.

The Misses Faxton had received a brief note from their brother saying that he would bring with him a young lady for whom he should claim their kindness and protection, however much they might disapprove the rashness of his actions.

Mr. Courtenay's face, worn and aged with grief, grew deathly white as he read the significant lines, and there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes as he sank back into an arm-chair to await the coming of the man who, he now believed, had stolen his wife from him.

Even Clarence's sisters, firm as was their belief in their brother's honor, looked anxious and worried.

Minutes and hours crept slowly and agonizingly by as if dreading to hasten the moments of doom, and then there was a noise, without, footsteps in the hall, and Clarence Faxton led into the parlor where three hearts were beating so tumultuously, a fair frail girl, her lips quivering, her color painfully coming and going.

'Thank Heaven!" cried his sister Helen, solemnly.

She only thought of her brother, but Grace Faxton covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud, while Robert Courtenay slowly, drearily, like an old man, gathered himself to his feet, and demanded hoarsely:

"In the name of Heaven, tell me where is my wife! Where is Midget?"

It was a strange greeting—so that the lady upon Mr. Faxton's arm shrank against him with fear and excitement, while Clarence faced his unknown questioner.

"Your wife! Who are you? What does this mean? Grace! Helen! what is the matter?"

Helen went and put her hand upon his arm imploringly.

"Clarence, you know Della Greyson, your former schoolmate and playfellow, she married this gentleman, Mr. Courtenay, and he has not seen her or heard from her for over a week. You were seen talking with her the morning she went away; you took her to the station. If you know anything that can throw light upon this dreadful mystery, it would be cruel to withhold it after all her husband has suffered."

"And he believes—you all believe that I am responsible for this!" his face like a thunder-cloud. "You," turning to Robert, "blessed with one of the sweetest and purest of wives, can think ill of her! Girls, this is my wife. Love her, be kind to her for my sake. I will not look upon her face again until I discover the fate of Della Greyson."

Without heeding the passionate cry of his bride, or that she fell fainting in Helen's arms, or Robert's entreaty—"Take me! I must go to Midget!" young Clarence dashed from the house.

Late next day, Mr. Courtenay received a telegram from a city hospital.

"Come quickly. Your wife is dying.
CLARENCE FAXTON."

Over the little cot where Midget lay unconscious, her fair face pallid with the shadow of death, and her golden head shorn of its yellow curls, her husband learned the height and depth of his injustice and mistrust.

Della's mother, who died just previous to her daughter's marriage, had for years taught a few young pupils, and one among them had been Clarence Faxton.

Though he soon left that dear instructress to enter higher departments of learning, he long kept up his intimacy with his former teacher and his little playmate Della.

And so it happened that when by chance he read an important legal advertisement in a daily, he instantly recognized the person sought for as identical with Della's mother, or at least nearly connected with her, through the peculiarity of the name, "Alabam Greyson;" for though Mrs. Greyson had always signed herself simply "A. Greyson," Della had once confessed to him that her mother's name was Alabam.

He tore out the advertisement, and the first time that he met Mrs. Courtenay after his return, having offered her his congratulations, he showed her the slip.

It made clear to Della a few things that she had learned from her mother's private papers, and suspecting that she was heiress to a goodly fortune she determined to learn the truth at once, in order to declare the glad news, as soon as might be, to her darling Robert.

Announcing her determination to go to town immediately, Clarence offered to drive with her to the station.

On his way home, finding an important letter from an invalid friend with whom he had crossed the ocean, and fearing that the slightest delay would prevent his seeing his friend alive, Mr. Faxton resolved to go to town by the next train.

Thence he posted an explanatory note to the Beeches, which never reached its destination.

And he little suspected, while attending to his friend's funeral and persuading to become his wife the young girl who, by her brother's death, had been left a stranger in a strange land, the misery that his absence was causing.

He at least had been cognizant of Mrs. Courtenay's destination, and it was to the law office she had visited that he had immediately gone upon hearing of her disappearance.

There, though he learned little, a line of search was suggested to him that proved successful.

Overcome by excitement and the intense heat, Midget had fallen while on her return to the station, and had been carried insensible to the hospital, where Clarence discovered her lying alarmingly ill of a fever.

* * * * *

"Oh, Robert," she said, afterwards, "you cannot think how disappointed I was when the lawyers told me that I could not inherit my half of my grandfather's money without marrying my unknown cousin, nor how fiercely angry I was when they suggested that I could easily get my marriage to you set aside, because my mother from the time of her young husband's death and her father in law's disavowal of her, had given me her maiden name of Greyson, instead of the rightful one. As if you were not worth all the money in the world! Wasn't I greedy to want more money when we had been so contented and comfortable on a little!"

Robert groaned.

"Oh Midget, dear little wife, I'm not half worthy of such a darling! To think I should have doubted——"

"That will do," smothering the completion of the sentence in kisses. "If ever you refer to that again I will run away and spend a whole week at the Beeches."

Though Robert went with her there one evening in every week, he ceased to reproach himself for his doubts concerning that one dreadful mystery of their wedded life.

OMNIBUS DIVERSIONS.—Many are the diversions resorted to by occupants of omnibuses in Paris, in order to while away the tediousness of a long drive. The most innocuous and unobjectionable of those tricks is that of setting the other travelers all yawning, a result which it seems is readily affected by means of a series of yawns on the part of the operator. Such is the infectiousness of this affection that with a little skill and perseverance a cunning performer will soon, it is said, induce more than half of his companions to indulge in a similar exercise of their jaws and throat. A much more vulgar but still common practice is declared to be that of secretly bringing into the vehicle a small bag full of vivacious snails, which are furtively allowed to escape and make their way to the garments of the unsuspecting passengers. The third joke is one which it requires some coolness to carry out. It consists of taking the silver piece which is passed by a lady to be handed to the conductor, and in a pretended fit of abstraction carefully inserting it into the operator's purse from which it is released after some discussion, with an air of incredulity which seems to suggest that the claim made by the owner is altogether unfounded. Finally, we have the note book trick, which is thus performed. When a passenger of anything like suspicious aspect enters the omnibus, you begin by staring very hard at him, and then, when he is not looking, pull out a note-book and pencil and take notes of him, with great assiduity. The other passengers straightway suppose that you are a detective, and that the other individual is a criminal of some sort, the consequence being that he is regarded with suspicion and repugnance not only during the rest of the journey, but on any occasion when he may be encountered by any of the party again.

SOME SHOWS OF OLD.—In this season of great circuses, we may smile at the following list of wild beasts on show, two hundred years ago in England. First let us take "The old she dromedary, lately arrived from Tartary, and her young one: they are headed like a horse, eyed like an ox, neck'd like a deer, cloven lipt like a hare, also neck'd like a swan, tail'd like a mule, cloven-footed like a cow." "The noble peccary which is very much admired by the learned. The noble Jack Call, the lion's provider, which hunts in the forest for the lion's prey. A small Egyptian panther spotted like a leopard. A strange monstrous creature, brought from the coast of Brasil, having a head like a child, legs and arms very wonderful, with a long tail like a serpent, wherewith he feeds himself as an elephant doth with his trunk." "Two wood monsters from the East Indies, male and female, being the admirablest creatures that ever was seen in the kingdom. Also, a little marmoset from the East Indies, which, by a great deal of pains, is now brought to that perfection that no creature of his kind ever performed the like; he exercises by the word of command; he dances with two naked swords, and performs several other pretty fancies. Likewise a noble civet cat etc." It sounds like the talk of the side show speaker of to day.

Two children, a brother and sister, having got into a wrangle about a plaything, the little girl, who was about 4 years old, *pushed* her brother, and in turn the brother *struck* his sister. The father, after rebuking them, and telling them how wicked it was for brothers and sisters to quarrel, asked them if they were not sorry. They readily answered in the affirmative. The father then told them that they must tell each other that they were sorry. This was a little more difficult, especially for the little girl. She went up however as directed and said "I am sorry." 'Sorry for what?' said the father—"You must tell your brother what you are sorry for." 'Sorry you struck me," instantly rejoined the girl.

A grass widow is anything but green.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

BY OLIVE HILL.

"NO, there is no engagement between us. Why, Joe, I am only eighteen; I shall not be engaged for the next five years. I am not going to tie myself down to domestic life yet, I assure you."

"But, Nettie, you are wandering from the subject. I cannot think you are utterly heartless, yet I frankly owe that you pain me by this dreadful spirit of coquetry you display. I am sure Graham Curtis——"

"Now, Joe, don't be tiresome! It is only a flirtation. We dance, chat, drive together, but that is nothing. I flirt quite as extensively with a dozen other gentlemen."

"But, Nettie,"—and a very grave look came over Joseph Lawson's fine face,—"Graham loves you."

"So they all do, if I am to believe their protestations."

"So my friend, the man I honor and love above all other men, is to be the plaything of a woman's caprice! Sister, be careful; you are playing a dangerous game."

The crimson blood dyed the cheek of the little beauty as she ran laughingly away from her brother, saying, "I will come for the rest of the sermon to-morrow, Joe."

One long stride the brother took, and, prisoning the little brunette in his strong arms, he took her to the sofa and drew her down to a seat beside him.

"No,"—and his face grew sad, very sad,—"you shall hear my sermon to day. Did you know, Nettie, why I am now, at thirty-five years of age, a bachelor, with a lonely, aching heart?"

"Lonely, Joe? And Nettie, now grave as himself, laid her head on her brother's broad chest.

"Yes, Nettie. Even my little sister, dearly as I love her, cannot fill all my heart."

"Tell me about it!"

"It was twelve years ago, when I came home from college, that I first met Laura Lee——"

"Mrs. Holmes?"

"Yes. We moved in the same circles in society, and at every party I could dance and chat with her. Her beauty attracted, her sweet, gracious manner fascinated me. I was young then, and truthful, and when she let her little hand linger in mine, and turned from others to converse with me; when she let her large, dark eyes, full of soft light, dwell thoughtfully on my face, I believe that the devotion I lavished on her was understood, returned. Day after day the love grew into my heart. I felt so secure, looking into her lovely face, hearing her winning tones soften for my ear, feeling the answering pressure her hand gave mine, that it was long before I spoke my love.

"One evening," the strong man's chest heaved, and Nettie could hear how the rapid blood coursed through his veins, and made his heart beat quickly under her ear—"one evening we were alone in the parlor. She had been singing, and the rich, full notes seemed to hang lovingly around me, and I spoke my love.

'She drew away from the arm that would have caressed her, and said, with a light laugh. "'Why, Mr. Lawson, did you not know I was engaged?'"

"'Engaged?' I cried.

"'Yes,' she replied. 'Mr. Holmes has been away since I knew you, but I thought that you knew of our engagement.'

"I knew this was false. Fearful of losing the attention she was accustomed to, she kept her engagement secret, that in society she might still reign as one free to be won. I said to her, 'Forgive me that I have annoyed you——'

"'Oh, no; not at all!' she said. 'I shall always be happy to see you. I am sorry that there was any mistake, but I thought you were, like myself, only flirting.'

'So we parted. I came home maddened, sickened!"—his voice here sank to a whisper—"I drank deeply, Nettie, to try to forget; but my nature revolted at this degradation, and I tried study. My father's father's death just woke me from the delirious agony of thought; and when my mother followed him, leaving you, a child, to my charge, I sternly faced life, trying to forget the Paradise I had dreamed of and lost. Do not let me see my little sister playing the coquette, or I shall despise all women."

"I am sorry!"

'Nettie, Graham loves you; he has spoken of it to me. Yet, if you cannot love him, let him see that his suit will be a vain one. Do not lead him on to despair. He is rude and impulsive, and may not live down such a heavy blow."

"Joe!" in a low tone.

"Yes, dear?"

"Tell him I—love—him. I—am—not flirting——"

"Yes."

"And, Joe, don't hate me!"

A tender, loving kiss was pressed upon her forehead, and a low voice blessed her for her decision.

Paper ball tollies are French.

THE BONNIE BIRDS.

BY E. L. D.

They chose their nook, the bonnie birds,
'Mid the crab-tree's perfumed snow;
And here three blue eggs the brown hen laid
In her warm soft nest 'neath the blossom's shade;
And patient she kept her watch of love,
And patient her mate to feed her strove.
But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a weary wait they had,
While the hours danced by, 'neath the sweet spring sky,
And the thickets rang where the thrushes sang,
And the fields were with cowslips clad.

They hatched their eggs, the bonnie birds,
By one, by two, by three;
And hour by hour each yellow bill
Gaped wide for the parents' toil to fill;
And the robins on swift untiring wing,
Tended each clamorous nestling.
But it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
For a heavy task was theirs,
As from morn's first light to the fall of night
Still to and fro, on their quest they go,
Nor ever might cease from cares.

They tended their young, the bonnie birds,
Till the counted weeks were past—
Till the down grew dark upon back and crest,
And the red turned bright on each little breast;
And with chirp and twitter, and preen of feather,
The brood hopped out of their nest together.
And it's oh, and it's oh, for the bonnie birds,
Who had watched and worked their day;
Worked hour by hour, through sun and shower,
For their task was done; and then one by one
The fledglings flew away!

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLVII.—(CONTINUED.)

"BETTER and better," exclaimed the guilty husband. "Lynx in the grave, my last fear ends. I am safe, quite safe."

The first feeling of satisfaction subsided, and the speaker began to wonder why he had not received intelligence of the event so important to his security before. Then he became restless, and ordered his carriage to drive to the fortress to question the governor himself.

On his arrival he found Major Bonheim smoking his pipe as usual. The functionary received him with his usual smile.

"So," he observed, "your charge is dead?"

"Dead enough."

"When, and how?"

"Three days since. Found dead in bed."

"By his own hand?"

"No; the fellow had got quite to like the place. Don't think he cared much to quit it."

"Why did you not write before?"

"I only make my report once a week. It is the regulation."

"Tush! in such a case——"

"The regulation, your excellency."

"I must see the body."

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"Buried."

"Buried—so soon."

"It is the regulation," replied the governor. "No forms observed when a prisoner has been kept like the Englishman. We just put it into a shell, and sink it into the draw well. Plenty to keep him company there," added the speaker with a knowing look; "but not in my time. Things are not as they used to be; the prince is no longer absolute master. The states will have their say in everything—a strange fashion borrowed from your country, I take it. In my grandfather's time his highness's will was law; now we have written laws. To be sure, they have been sometimes evaded. Pretty state of affairs if they could not be. May I offer your excellency some refreshment after your ride this morning?"

"I should first like to see the cell occupied by your late prisoner."

"Certainly."

Calling to one of the gaolers to bring the keys, the governor conducted his visitor to the more ancient part of the building, used as a prison. After ascending many steps, he unlocked an oaken door thickly studded with iron, and, pushing it open with his foot, admitted him into the narrow cell where Paul Lynx had passed so many years of captivity.

Edward Berrington looked carefully round him. The pallet still bore the impression of a human form. The clothes of the late prisoner were folded upon a chair. There were several books also upon the table.

"They should remove these things," he observed.

"The gaoler's perquisites," replied Major Bonheim. "I wonder why he has not disposed of them; it it is his right."

"Not in this case."

"The regulation, your excellency."

"It is my wish they should be burnt."

"The regulation——"

"For once," said his visitor, "may be dispensed with. Of course, I do not wish or expect any employe of the prison should lose their perquisites through me. This," he added, placing a heavy purse in his hand, "will be ample compensation."

"Ample," repeated his conductor, after examining its contents.

"You will see to it yourself, perhaps."

"Your excellency may rely on me."

"And oblige me still further," continued his visitor, placing a note of considerable value in his hand, "by accepting this as an acknowledgment of your services and discretion. If ever my influence can serve you, you may command it."

"And if ever you have another prisoner to be taken charge of," replied the governor, in high good-humor, for the sum had more than doubled his yearly appointments, "send him to me. Always, be it understood, with his highness's sanction."

"Or the countess's."

"Pretty much the same thing."

Whilst offering hospitality to his liberal visitor, Major von Bonheim, for the fellow was noble, inquired after the health of his illustrious lord and master, the Grand Duke Ernest.

"In excellent health," was the reply.

The governor appeared surprised.

"You had heard of his late indisposition," said the Englishman. "Quite passed away."

This was far from the truth, but the speaker reflected that his influence, or rather, that of the countess, might very possibly expire with the life of her adopted brother, and wished to impress it on the mind of the official till the clothes and books were burnt as he desired.

Major Bonheim accompanied the hon. gentleman to the outer gate of the Schloss, and raised his military cap most respectfully as the carriage drove off. When it had reached the first turn in the road, a smile crept gradually over his heavy features.

"Mein Gott!" he muttered, "but these Englanders pay well for their rascality; it is a pleasure to serve them. I almost wish that——Humph!"

As he did not express the thought, we cannot explain the exact nature of the German's wish. Most probably our readers, in the following current of events, will discover it for themselves in time.

The corruption of the judges in the minor states of Germany, and their subserviency to power, in those days we are writing of, were more notorious than those in the remote provinces of Turkey in Europe are at the present day. On the morning of the boy's trial, the chief of the police, who despite the high-flown speeches of his excellency saw that he wished for a conviction, waited upon the British minister at his hotel. The worthy functionary fancied that he saw an opportunity of obliging him, and at the same time serving himself.

"The morning of the trial," observed the officer after his usual salutation.

"Ah, yes; I recollect."

"Will her excellency appear to identify the jewels?"

"Mrs. Berrington will appear," said her husband.

"Then the conviction is certain," replied the chief of the police. "This is a very sad case, and I feel with your excellency that ample justice ought to be done."

"I wish no other."

"In certain crimes—robbery by domestics, for instance—we sometimes brand the guilty."

"Is that the law?" demanded Edward Berrington eagerly.

"It is."

"Then brand him," replied the gentleman firmly.

"There is but one objection."

"I thought you told me it was the law."

"The prisoner is under age."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Mr. Berrington in a tone of disappointment; "why trouble me upon the subject? I told you that it was my wish to have strict justice done, neither more nor less. I would not raise a finger to save the young rascal from the punishment he so richly merits. I allude to the attempted violence on his mistress. Neither," added the speaker, speaking very slowly, "would I depress it to augment it. I will have nothing to reproach myself with. You know my feeling on the subject."

The chief of the police, disappointed in the result of his visit, withdrew.

"It is not my fault," mused the husband of Clara, when left to himself. "I did not advise the young ruffian to become a thief—cast no temptation in his way. It was his own act, the self-development of the innate baseness in his nature. In dealing with the boy, no man shall have the right to say I treated him with less than justice—strict, impartial justice."

How many persons we know in the world who gloss over their ill deeds by similar sophistry, and, because they do no wrong can see no wrong in permitting it to be inflicted.

Every form of justice was scrupulously observed, the guilt of Dick fully proved, and, a week after the sentence, the young rascal was publicly whipped in the market-place at Schwineberg. The punishment received was not a very severe one; the boy soon got over it. As for the disgrace, he only laughed at it.

Of course, after such an exposure, neither father nor son could be retained in the service of so exemplary a person as his Britannic majesty's envoy. Dick and his father returned to England, where no doubt they will turn up again in due time.

Our readers have not yet heard the last of them.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IT was not to be supposed that a high and mighty power like the Grand Duke of Schwineberg could shuffle off this mortal coil with no more ceremony than a mere common burgher. Certain traditional appearances and preternatural portents preceded it. The guardian spirit of his house, in the shape of a wild boar, was seen—twice in the park by the hunts men, and once in the palace by the terrified courtiers.

The grand chamberlain, who had been dining with the master of the horse, received a terrible fright as he returned after midnight to his own apartments, and prepared for the worst. The Countess von Schlammermacher was the only person who disbelieved in the legend. Boars, as she well knew, were common enough at court, and she put no faith in the double-sight of the illustrious functionary, although, in the present instance, the boar was described as a black one.

The physicians shook their heads when they heard it, and hinted that all their skill would prove unavailing. The royal patient insisted upon trying a change of medicine. As a matter of course, his wishes were complied with. Could he have changed his doctors, there might have been a chance, perhaps.

His highness, like many commonplace mortals, had an intense fear of death, and sought to deceive himself by commanding that everything should proceed at court as usual. The grand duchess was forbidden to put off her usual card-party, and the dying man almost quarrelled with his adopted sister for proposing to absent herself from her usual attendance.

"I will go, my dearest lord," said the Gräfine, "since you wish it."

"Of course I wish it," said the prince snappishly. "One would imagine there was really something serious in my indisposition from the fuss you all make."

The eyes of the speaker wandered round the circle, and as they rested upon the grave solemn countenances of his attendants, a disagreeable chill struck upon his heart.

"I am not going to die," he exclaimed angrily; "am I, Kesterhausen?"

"Not unless your highness pleases," faltered the physician.

"Then I don't please," interrupted the patient.

"Just yet," added the medical man.

"Ugh," ejaculated the grand duke. "I think the medicine has produced a change," he added. "I was right to insist upon it, and——"

All present declared that the change was most apparent. And so it was. One of the illustrious speaker's eye-lids began to droop, and his words came thick and slowly.

Having again commanded his adopted sister to attend the evening reception of the duchess, Duke Ernest declared that he felt disposed to sleep. Everyone present, except the physicians and chamberlain, quitted the room. It was their duty to watch.

"How long?" whispered the officer of state.

"What is that you are muttering?" demanded his highness.

"I was rejoicing to see your highness looking so much better—so composed. A sleep, I feel assured will restore you."

A deep sigh announced that his master had already fallen into one.

"He will never wake again," observed the senior doctor.

"Hush!"

"No fear," added the man of science, speaking aloud. "The discharge of a cannon would not wake him. It is death!"

"Are you certain?"

"Quite."

"I can come to my apartment and call me when it is all over," said the chamberlain, "that I may announce the event to the grand duchess. The air of this room is stifling. Pah! I can scarcely breathe."

No sooner had the speaker disappeared than the head physician repeated his observation respecting the state of the atmosphere, and left his patient to the care of his subordinate, who in turn called a valet to watch by the ducal couch. "Come to me when he is dead," said the man of science to the domestic.

"How, Herr Doctor, am I to know when he is dead?"

"By the falling of the jaw."

He too quitted the room, and the high and mighty Prince Ernest, the sixteenth Grand Duke of Schwineberg, was left to breathe his last sigh in the presence of a solitary valet.

"My dear love," exclaimed the duchess, when the Countess von Schlammermacher entered the drawing-room, "I scarcely expected to see you this evening. How is our suffering angel?"

"Worse, I fear."

"How cruel to insist on my receiving as usual," continued her highness, "when my heart is distracted. I think," added the speaker, looking at her cards, "you played the king last."

Mr. Percy Murray bowed profoundly, probably to conceal a smile.

"Then I lead the ten."

Those who were not engaged at the tables crowded round the countess, whose favor appeared greater than ever. The duchess had addressed her as "my dear love," a term of endearment used only between equals.

The game proved a most interesting one, and had been skilfully contested. Nine points were scored on either side; the next deal must decide it.

A slight noise was heard in the antechamber. The duchess whispered something to her lady-in-waiting, who instantly quitted the room. It was her highness's turn to give the cards. Whilst dealing them there was a profound silence—no one spoke—the movement of a fan, the rustle of a dress, might have been heard in the room.

"The odd trick decides the game," observed Mr. Percy Murray with a courtly bow. "Your highness played with even more than your usual skill."

The losers paid each a gold piece to the winners.

The duchess, having pocketed her winnings, gave a slight cough; the lady-in-waiting entered from the antechamber, and announced that the great chamberlain requested an audience.

"Officially?" demanded her highness.

"Officially," replied the lady with a profound curtsy.

"Dear! how sudden! Where is my handkerchief? Stand behind my chair. Is not that the etiquette, Countess, with which I ought to receive the sad intelligence?"

The adopted sister could only bow in the affirmative, she had many serious thoughts to oppress her.

"Now," said the royal widow, "I am quite ready."

The doors were thrown open, and the great chamberlain, looking very red about the eyes—he had been rubbing them the last ten minutes in the antechamber—entered the room, his handkerchief in his hand. Having made the three official bows, he solemnly announced the death of the Grand Ducal Highness Ernest XVI., the sixteenth sovereign of Schwineberg.

The duchess fainted and was supported from the apartment by her woman. This was according to strict court etiquette, and everyone proclaimed the conduct of the widow most exemplary.

As the successor to the throne was still under age, her highness called the council together the following day, and in compliance with the settlement registered and accepted by the States years before, took the oaths as regent.

It was on the return of the Hon. Edward Berrington from the funeral of the grand duke that he held a long conversation with his sister on the position of affairs. It was commenced by the lady, whose restless activity had discovered more than one secret manœuvre at the palace.

"I am uneasy, Edward," she commenced. "That meddling Percy Murray is continually closeted with her highness the regent."

The brother smiled, as if the fact were perfectly indifferent to him.

"I tell you there is some plot in agitation."

"It does not concern us."

"I do not feel so sure of that. You recollect that Mr. Digby?"

"The young painter who visits Schwineberg every year?"

"Yes."

"And what of him?"

"He started after the duke's death to England."

"Private affairs."

"But previous to starting had a prolonged interview, not only with Murray, but the duchess."

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated Elizabeth Berrington. "You were not wont to be so dull of appreciation. Her highness, you are aware, is first cousin to Queen Adelaide."

"The Almanach de Gotha has informed me as much."

"Is this security or indifference?"

"I confess the latter," replied the diplomat; "the drama of life, so far as I am concerned, is played out. I have accomplished the only purpose for which I cared to live."

"I do not understand you!"

"You will in time."

"This is a folly I cannot understand," observed Elizabeth Berrington. "Percy Murray has never forgiven the influence you practised against him at the Foreign Office, and never will."

"That influence is as powerful as ever."

"Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, but there are——"

"I tell you," interrupted her brother in the tone of a man tired of a long and fatiguing part, "that I am indifferent to all."

"And you will let him triumph over you?"

"If he can."

With this answer the lady was forced to rest content. It was not without difficulty that she wrung from the diplomat a promise to accompany her to the grand reception her highness the regent was to hold in three days at the palace, to receive the homage of

the States, and the condolence of the corps diplomatique on her recent bereavement. The ceremony was looked forward to with curiosity and anxiety by many. The ministers and officers of the petty state were to be confirmed or dismissed according to the caprice or pleasure of a woman whose character had hitherto appeared passive, colorless, almost nil; and according to general rumor, the adopted sister of her late husband was nominated to the important post of the first lady of honor, the object of so many female ambitions and intrigues. Some thought it a sham, but scarcely dared to whisper their thoughts, for the favorite to all outward appearance was quite as powerful as ever.

The envoys and the principle nobility of the duchy were assembled waiting the appearances of her highness, who had just received the deputation of the States, and replied to them with a dignity and self-possession which excited the admiration of the courtiers. Of course, being courtiers, they were too well-bred and too prudent to express surprise.

The Countess von Schlammermacher alone appeared thoughtful; the rest of the ladies were, as a matter of course, delighted and all smiles.

"How completely her highness has subdued her grief," observed one.

"And yet how keenly she felt her loss."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed a third, who had been present at the evening reception; "I can witness that on hearing of her bereavement, our dear duchess fainted."

No one pronounced the word etiquette, although it rose to the lips of the speakers.

"What a friend she has in Grafine!"

"So devoted!"

"So disinterested!"

"So capable of assisting her in her duties!"

This was uttered in the presence of the lady so long known as the adopted sister of their late sovereign. Madame von Schlammermacher appeared, however, thoughtful as before.

"Her highness the regent!" exclaimed the great chamberlain as the huissiers threw open the folding doors of the apartment.

A respectful silence followed.

The grand duchess appeared, leading by the hand her eldest son, a heavy dull looking boy of fourteen, who looked around him with a listless air, as if he thought the entire proceedings of the day a complete bore, and so doubtless they were to him, for he played at best only a secondary part. His mother advanced with a firm step and received the compliments of the assembled court as if she had been accustomed to their homage, had a gracious word for all who approached her.

"What a change," whispered Elizabeth Berrington.

Her brother remarked it too, but made no reply; it seemed a matter of indifference to him.

"Our minister, Mr. Berrington," said the regent, "will communicate the decision of the council touching your last despatch on the matter of the Zollverein, and we trust it will prove agreeable to your government and its distinguished representative."

The minister bowed.

The last person whom the regent addressed was the woman who had so long replaced her with her husband.

"Countess von Schlammermacher," she said, "we have not forgotten you."

The lady inclined profoundly.

"We have not forgotten the important part you acted in the reign of my lamented husband."

The countess applied the richly embroidered handkerchief to her eyes.

"You will find a communication from us on your return, which we trust will prove our appreciation of the past and care for your future."

"The nomination of the first lady of honor, no doubt," was the unspoken thought of all who heard these gracious words.

The adopted sister believed so too, and her eyes flashed with triumph. It was true the duchess had proved herself anything but the weak helpless creature she expected; her influence, in all probability, over her would be but secondary, sustained however by gratitude for services rendered in the settlement of the regency.

The Countess von Schlammermacher had been twenty years at court, and believed in gratitude. Faith in some natures is most robust.

On leaving the palace—etiquette obliged her to withdraw from it on the death of her brother—the lady could not find her carriage. A month previously, and she would have severely punished the blundering officer who informed her that it had been refused admittance to the grand court.

"Insolent!"

"It was not my fault," answered the officer respectfully. "The regulation depends upon the great chamberlain. None but foreign ministers and officers of state."

"And how, sir, do you style the regent's first *dame d'honneur*?" interrupted the countess haughtily.

The deputy master of the horse approached, and offered the speaker one of the court carriages, which he declared himself only too happy to place at her disposal.

The offer was graciously accepted, and the triumphant lady entered it amidst the obsequious bows of the courtiers, who fully believed her influence unshaken.

"Home!" cried the countess, raising the glass, her countenance radiant with smiles.

The commander of the regiment drawn up in the great court whispered some order to one of his officers, and a dozen dragoons surrounded the carriage.

The stupefaction became general. Was it a guard of honor? O —— No; it could not be an arrest. The idea was preposterous.

The inmate of the carriage herself appeared in doubt, for lowering the glass she leant forward with a pale and agitated expression of feature.

"Home!" she repeated.

"To the Alte Schloss," said the colonel sternly.

As the vehicle started, a faint cry was heard: the lady had fainted.

In less than an hour the news of her arrest was known throughout the city. All were surprised, and scarcely one could be found to pity her.

On reaching the Schloss, the governor, who had so frequently received her cap in hand, and even carried his humility so far as to lower the step himself, instead of hastening to meet her waited for the once powerful mistress to be conducted to his presence. He did not even lay down his pipe as she entered the room.

"Oh, Bonheim! Bonheim! what is the meaning of this outrage?"

"Arrest!"

"It must be some ridiculous error."

The gentleman pointed to the warrant under the grand ducal seal.

"This is infamous! The ungrateful woman, after all my services. Arrest on what pretence? There must be some charge alleged."

"Plundering the state."

"Plundering!" repeated the countess angrily; "they were the free gift of my adopted brother."

"And your adopted sister," observed the functionary with a grin, "demands them."

"Never."

"A strong word."

"Never."

"We shall see."

"I can defeat the malice of the duchess, her ingratitude, and infamous treachery. The wealth I have acquired is beyond her reach."

"You should have placed yourself in a similar position," observed Bonheim with a touch of humor. "I don't suppose that her highness the regent is revengeful; she can forgive your loving her husband and his love for you, but not the money you contrived to wheedle from him. Resign that, your jewels, and plate, and liberty to quit the country may be yours. You will find all the papers in the cell."

"Cell!"

"For old acquaintance sake, I have selected one of the most comfortable ones for you."

To end with a distasteful subject at once, we may as well state that, after several weeks' negotiation, the wealth which the adopted sister of the late duke had prudently invested in Russia was given up, with the exception of a sum sufficient to produce three thousand florins income, and the outwitted fair one restored to liberty on condition of never again setting foot within the territory of the grand duchy.

We scarcely need add that the stipulation was carefully kept.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"WELL," said Elizabeth Berrington, addressing her brother as they drove home from the palace, "what think you now of my prediction? Was I not right? The duchess has acted most ungratefully; but for the influence of the countess, her brother-in-law, Prince Karl, would have been regent."

"It was his right," observed the diplomat.

"Which only increases her highness's baseness."

"You are warm upon the subject," replied Edward.

"I have not forgotten the service the unhappy Grafine rendered us."

"Very commendable of you," said her brother coolly. "Gratitude is rare in this world, especially in women, and we ought to admire it when we meet with it. The influence of the adopted sister lasted long enough to answer my purpose. It was paid for—indirectly, of course—in the countenance we gave her. For my own part, I consider we are quits."

"Like you men," muttered his sister.

On reaching their house a fresh surprise awaited them; one which tried the equanimity of the lady far more severely than the gentleman. Since the death of Paul Lynx, and the punishment of the boy Dick, a species of apathy seemed to have crept over him.

An earthquake, as his sister frequently observed, could not move him.

The surprise was nothing less than the flight of Lady Estcott, for so for the future we shall designate her. Our readers, we trust, have not forgotten that, thanks to the noble exertions of Miss Gurtha Bouchier, the long abeyance of the title had been terminated in her favor.

"Gone!" repeated Elizabeth Berrington. "Impossible! Who could have dared?"

"Patience," whispered her brother.

Upon questioning the servants it appeared that scarcely had their master left for the reception than two gentleman drove up to the hotel in one of the grand ducal carriages. A second vehicle followed. The first contained the chief of the police and a physician. In the name of the regent they demanded an interview with the lady. Opposition was out of the question. The two keepers were compelled to produce their prisoner.

After a brief conversation, the medical authority signed a certificate stating the lady to be perfectly sane, and handed it to his companion.

"That is your authority," he observed to the chief of the police.

"Madam," said the latter, bowing respectfully; "I have the honor to inform you that you are free."

The hitherto patient victim became terribly excited at the word "free." It was like hope rising from the grave. At first she could scarcely realise it.

"Alas!" she murmured; "I am still helpless."

"Had you not better consult your friends?"

"I have none. My friends, if any are left to me, are in England."

"Pardon, madam," said the official, "but I think you will find them nearer."

The door opened, and Mr. Quarl, accompanied by his nephew, and the housekeeper of Miss Bouchier, who was now too aged to undertake a journey herself, entered the room.

"Have you forgotten me," asked the lawyer.

The sensation of liberty was too overwhelming, too surprising. Her ladyship could only silently place her hand in his.

The chief of the police looked at his watch and coughed—a hint that no time was to be lost.

"I understand," said Mr. Quarl, "I am here, Lady Estcott, to conduct you to England, to friends who are sorrowing at the unwonted persecution you have endured; who will shed tears of joy on your return. Relays are stationed as far as hamburg, where a steamer has been engaged to start at a moment's notice."

"Alas! should my husband overtake us, I fear not for myself, for I am used to his cruelty; but his violence to you."

"Let him try it," muttered Tom.

"There is no danger; her majesty the regent has given strict orders that no post-horses shall be supplied to any traveller for four and twenty hours. One has already passed," observed the official.

Lady Estcott's preparations were soon made, and long before the reception at the palace had terminated she had quitted Schwineberg for ever.

Such was the tale which startled the guilty brother and sister when they had gleaned the facts one by one from the astonished domestics.

"Post horses instantly," exclaimed Elizabeth Berrington; "you must follow."

"It will be useless," was the reply of the diplomat. "The plot has been too well arranged, too cleverly carried out by the enemies."

The event proved that he was correct, for in a few minutes the servant returned with intelligence that post-horses could not be hired.

"By whose command? Who dared give such instructions?"

"The duchess-regent."

"Brother;" exclaimed Elizabeth, "will you not resent this insult? Think of your diplomatic rank. Such an outrage is unheard of."

"Her highness has played a wrong card, and risked the game," observed the Hon. Edward Berrington. "She forgets that I still the representative of England, who does not usually permit her ministers to be insulted with impunity. The illustrious widow, I suspect, will be rather surprised at the tone of my communication."

Ordering the horses to be replaced to his carriage, the gentleman was about to return to the palace, to demand an audience, when a gentleman was announced. It proved to be a king's messenger, with despatches. The diplomat gazed for several seconds upon the seals of the Foreign Office, and his fingers trembled slightly as he broke them.

"What is the matter?" whispered his sister.

"I am recalled."

"Impossible! with your influence."

"Murray succeeds me."

This, to Elizabeth, was the severest blow of all. She bitterly hated the hand that, as she rightly judged, had directed the blow.

In addition to the official letter terminating his appointment at the Court of Schwineberg was a private note from the minister, who, as a personal friend of the disgraced diplomat, felt himself called upon to offer some explanation of the sudden recall.

"Although I doubt not but you will be able to answer the accusation and clear your honor upon your return, I find it impossible to decline compliance with the royal command. The queen, who was present during my interview with his majesty, showed me a letter from the duchess-regent. You had better return at once. Your friends are powerless till they hear your explanation."

"Read," said Edward Berrington, handing the note to his sister, whose indignation at the deceit of the duchess increased as she perused it.

"I should have given her credit for more brains," she exclaimed—mentally, of course, as she dropped the note. "My suspicions were excited too late."

The Hon. Edward Berrington was too familiar with the traditional etiquette of diplomacy to neglect a single form. It was due to his own dignity to observe them. He presented his letters of recall with far more self-possession than the royal lady manifested who received them; congratulated his successor on his appointment without evincing either mortification or anger. He had too much pride to afford them that triumph.

"A clever man," observed the duchess at the termination of the interview. "Only made one mistake. His sister would have fallen into it."

A week afterwards the Berringtons were on their way to England, where a fresh surprise awaited them. But we will not anticipate the event.

On reaching London, Lady Estcott, by the advice of her friends, consulted the most eminent physician of the day, who unhesitatingly pronounced her sane. The next step was to institute proceedings for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty, and the guilty husband received the citation on the very day of his landing. He only smiled as he read it—nothing appeared to ruffle his equanimity.

"I cannot understand you," observed his sister. "This apathy——"

"Right; you have hit the word. It is apathy."

"Is unaccountable."

"What should I fear?"

"The triumph of the woman who dishonored you."

"She cannot triumph."

"The exposure."

"I invite it."

"Have you no fear?" added his confederate, who recoiled at the thought of the part she had acted in the terrible drama of his domestic life being made public, for she felt well assured the lawyers would not spare her.

"I am past either hope or fear," answered her brother. "Again I tell you that the purpose of my existence has been accomplished."

"Still these enigmas."

"A few weeks will explain them. Time will explain them."

Beyond the thought of retribution, the hope of obtaining freedom from her bonds, Lady Estcott cherished the still dearer one of clearing up the mystery which surrounded the fate of her son. She had never believed the story of his death.

"Let him restore to me my boy," she exclaimed, "and all shall be forgiven. I would not willingly disgrace the father of my child."

It required entreaties and tears on the part of his long-suffering client to induce Mr. Quarl to see her husband to propose terms of accommodation. Not that the outraged wife ever could be brought to live with him again. This was out of the question, a sacrifice beyond human endurance; but quiet oblivion of wrongs great as they had been unwarranted.

Mr. Berrington listened to the proposal with an unaltered countenance. Once or twice he even smiled as the lawyer made his proposal.

"Have you urged all you have to say?"

"Nearly so. Shall I repeat——"

"It is unnecessary," interrupted the diplomat. "The physicians who prescribed the drug, which, as you assert, produced the appearance of insanity in Lady Estcott, are in England. Her highness has sent them to bear witness against me. The female attendants who administered it can be produced. I must congratulate you, my dear sir; never was a case more efficiently got up."

"It is your answer I await" observed the lawyer. "I do not come to receive idle compliments."

"I have no answer to give to your very considerate offers."

"The law then must take its course."

"I shall do nothing to stay it."

"Permit me to observe," said Mr. Quarl, "that I cannot comprehend this indifference to what most men prize—their honor."

"I care not for shadows."

"You court the exposure, then?"

"More, I desire it."

His visitor regarded him with disgust.

"Are you aware, unhappy man," he said, "that an accusation far more terrible than outrages offered to an unoffending wife hangs suspended over your head? She knows it not; but her friends know it."

"You speak in riddles."

"Murder!" whispered the lawyer.

The Hon. Edward Berrington turned fearfully pale.

"Ridiculous," he faltered at last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FANCIES.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

A thousand fancies, strange and new, before my vision flit—
As lights and shades upon a pool whose secret lies 'neath surface cool
Where none may fathom it,
So, though I strain my mental view, these whims my sense outwit.

Like queen above a common throng, one fancy rules the rest,
A fancy bright and pure and sweet—the dance of joy by fairy feet—
In robes of radiance rest.
Is it an olden dream or song that haunts me, unconfest?

For, though each phase and turn of thought is new in its delight,
Yet does the theme familiar seem—the half-seen beauty of a dream—
Come back in fulness slight.
Can it be Love—long vainly sought—that woos my hopes to-night?

* * * * * *

O bitter fancy! Henceforth art thou doomed to utter shame—
The sweets that in thy flights I found lie broken, pale as Mock'ry's ground,
And Hope is but a name.
Why to thy dictates did I bow, since Love denies my claim?

I thought—I hoped—I dreamed in thee that Love had come at last;
Thou led'st me on—alas, my fate!—until I found, too late, too late,
My hopes in sand were cast.
"She loved me not—I made too free"—and so that dream is past!

"Cinderella."

BY WILSON BENNOR.

I BERNICE BRAMLEIGH, was born in France, and had lived in that sunny, delightful country until my twelfth year, at which time my mother's death occurred.

Then my father returned to England, and after placing me under the charge of my Aunt Barbara, his only sister, returned to the land which, for love of my mother, he had made his home for so long.

After the newness of my surroundings had worn away and with it a great deal of my timidity, the discoveries that Aunt Barbara and I made were, I must confess, not agreeable

With conscientious, undeviating firmness, she endeavored to do her duty by her brother's child, and by every impulse and individuality, rather than by any desire upon my part, I tried and disappointed her.

My father, heart-broken and desolate, remained on the Continent, paying only brief and occasional visits to his home; he believed—and rightly, too—that I was in good hands.

I shall now speak of the day when Aunt Barbara had said, "No, Bernice, you cannot go to Alma Bentley's party this evening. I hear they are to have dancing there If Alma's mother can reconcile it with her conscience to allow anything of the kind, I cannot allow you to attend it."

I had thought of it so long, the fear aunt would refuse making the desire all the stronger—longed and dreamed of it—till I could not give it up.

Six times struck the clock below, proclaiming that the hour of tea was near at hand; and up the stairs came a summons to me, in reply to which I descended to the cool dining-room, and thence to the kitchen, where Mary, the maid, was making preparations for tea.

In those preparations I joined with a zest that delighted my aunt, without awakening a suspicion within her heart of the reason.

I had to gain Mary over to my side, and this proved no difficult conquest.

Mary was quite overcome with the romance of my going to the grand ball at the great house of the village, and, what was of more importance, promised to enlist the service of James, our man, who entertained an affection for her, and also shared her admiration for me.

My plan, a daring one, was as follows: Aunt Barbara retired early, and after she was safely in bed I was to dress, and with Mary's assistance descend to the kitchen, and thence to the coach-house where James was to have the carriage ready

Mary, who slept in the kitchen, would admit me upon my return.

Tea passed, and after bidding my aunt good night, I sped up to my own room and drew forth my dress.

It was half-past eight. I had over a half hour in which to make my toilette.

At last Mary came up with the information that aunt was asleep; and, lighting the lamps of my toilette table, commenced to array myself, with Mary standing by, an admiring, if not impartial critic.

I always dressed with a certain individuality, which, although unlike everyone else, was not glaringly peculiar; "the girls" were pleased to term it my "Frenchiness."

Now I combed all my curls high up, and pinned them into a twist that can only be described as indescribable.

Then I donned my dress, and when all was completed, I viewed myself with much complacency, and amid Mary's rapturous compliments, prepared for my ignominious exit through the kitchen.

Having reached the carriage, and being beyond a doubt upon my way to the ball, I was disposed to laugh triumphantly.

Upon my arrival in the dressing-room, I was greeted with both rapture and surprise.

"Bernice," cried Fannie Glenn, "how did you get your aunt's consent to sacrifice all your hopes of a blessed immortality by coming to a dance?"

"Hush, Fan," I cried, "and all of you;" for they were clamoring for an explanation; and I told them all about it, amid shouts of sympathetic laughter.

"Alma will be so glad," said Caroline Hart, "she told me that she was dreadfully worried for fear you couldn't come; she knew your aunt's prejudice against dancing. She wants you for a particular reason, perhaps; her brother Dare has come all the way from London to—well to attend this ball, and, perhaps, meet the little girl he was once so charmed with, but whose very vigilant auntie prevented his being introduced."

"Caroline, stop," I interrupted; "you are positively too ridiculous."

Here I had a criminating knowledge that I did not need to be informed of a feature of Dare Bentley's handsome face

The rooms, which were exquisitely decorated, were pretty well filled when we entered, and our progress to the end of the drawing room, where Colonel and Mrs Bentley stood, was slow.

Alma was near them, and by her side, I saw at the first glance, was her brother, the gentleman who had been frequently in my thoughts.

"There he is, Cinderella," said Milly; "there is the prince Ah he sees you—those roses have fixed his gaze."

"I am not at all certain," I return "Your forget-me-nots may be the attraction."

"Not I; it is fore ordained that Cinderella shall catch the prince. How about your slippers are they securely fastened?"

By this time we reach our hostess

"Bernie," said Alma, contemplating me in amazement, "can it be you in the flesh? I am so glad, dear. I didn't dare hope to see you."

"How do you think she accomplished it?" asked Milly, every curl on her head expressing mischief.

"Oh, Milly, don't; you will certainly ruin me," for I saw an interested look on Dare Bentley's face, and I was for the first time filled with a sense of the impropriety of my conduct.

But Milly proceeded unabashed.

"Alma, the dear child came very much like Cinderella in the fairy books only the godmother didn't assist her: she ran away while the godmother was asleep."

By this this time I was scarlet, and wished I had not come. What would Mr. Bentley think of me?

Alma laughed, but drew me close to her, saying:

"I am glad you did it, Bernice, for I wanted you here so badly this evening." Then, "Allow me to introduce my brother Dare to you Miss Bernice Bramleigh—Dare Bentley."

To describe the ball and my enjoyment of it is impossible

I flirted and laughed, and talked, and Dare Bentley hardly left my side.

I had faithfully promised James to return at half-past eleven; but it was twelve instead before I thought of the time

"Ah, I must go," I said.

"Hurry," said Milly, who was near, "or the clock will strike, Cinderella"

A few minutes after, when I had made my adieux, and, with Mr. Bentley still in attendance, was going down the long avenue to where my faithful James awaited me, my escort said, laughingly: "Are you afraid of your wicked grandmother, that you insist on going so early?"

Then the first shadow fell over my happiness, and I said, very seriously:

"Mr. Bentley, I shall never forgive myself if my conduct and Milly's remarks have given you a wrong impression of my aunt She is very good and kind to me, and I shall be ashamed of my wicked disobedience to-morrow, though I cannot find it in my heart to regret it to-night."

"You certainly cannot expect me to regret it," he replied gravely. "I have heard much of your aunt from my sister Alma, as well as yourself, and"—smiling at me—"I hope to make her acquaintance soon, and win her good opinion."

Then he stood, so handsome in the moonlight, watching us drive away.

After I had reached my room safely, and was sleepily putting away my things, I discovered to my consternation that in the bundle I had hurriedly put together in the dressing room there was only one of the pair of slippers I had placed there, and I began to think retribution for my sins had commenced even that early.

My lovely French slippers had been my particular vanity, and I wondered how I could account to Aunt Barbara for the disappearance.

Resolving to have James go over the road early in the morning in search of it, I put the matchless slipper away in its box and retired.

My aunt was doubtless surprised at my unusually good behavior all the following day, for my conscience commenced to give me reproachful twinges whenever I thought of my disobedience.

James at my direction had gone over the road, but failed to discover a trace of my lost property, and I felt as all sinners ought to feel, miserable.

Alma and her brother called in the afternoon to invite me to a croquet party, an invitation which, as there was no dancing, my aunt permitted me to accept; and Mr. Bentley, who completely won her by his dignified bearing and deferential air, was graciously permitted to call for me.

"A very nice and well behaved young man," she remarked after they had gone "I have no objection to your accepting his escort, Bernice."

And so it was, through those lovely summer months Dare won Aunt Barbara's confidence, and gained for me many privileges I never otherwise would have enjoyed.

It seemed to me that all the good things were to be crowded into that brief summer, when a letter came from papa announcing his immediate return.

I did not know till long after that a letter from Aunt Barbara had suddenly awakened him to the fact that his "little girl" was a child no longer but I was principally engaged in dreaming in those days

My awakening came one morning just before Dare's departure to London—a basket of exquisite flowers directed to "Cinderella," and under the mass of fragrant bloom I found a long-lost white slipper, with a note in which "the Prince" claimed me for his own: and I took note, slipper and all, straight to my Aunt Barbara, and telling her the whole story, asked her for forgiveness

I am married now, and look back with sorrow upon many of my girlish frolics, among which is one that causes my husband and some of my friends to teasingly address me as "Cinderella;" but, though I would warn my friends against a similar course, I cannot find it in my heart to regret the escapade that won me my husband.

PLANT INSECTS.—Scales invest leaves and stems, and sometimes stick so close to the bark as to appear beneath it. They must be washed, rubbed and scraped off. Mealy bugs are covered with a white powder, and lodge on the under sides of leaves, at leaf and branch joints, in wounds, or anywhere where there is a ragged place, and have great choice for flower clusters. They may be wiped or brushed off and, if in holes or crevices, bruised to death by a pointed stick. Thrip is a nimble black insect exceedingly pernicious, and very fond of ferns, azaleas, lilies of any sort, callas and the like. Their work is discernable in rusty brownish or yellowish blotches and tracings on the leaves, which they very soon destroy. The old or black ones are hard to kill. They should be bruised to death by the fingers. The young or yellowish ones should be bruised by sponging. Better take the infested plants outside, wipe off the vermin with a sponge shower with clean water afterwards, and then return the plants to the window. In greenhouses thrips are killed by tobacco smoke.

The English sparrow is the only emigrant that has no complaint to make against the mother country. He goes along building nests and raising children just as though he had grown up here with the country. And he does grow up. The October infant looks back to January through a double row of ancestors a mile long, and has to be introduced to new descendants thirteen times before the July sun strikes him. It is a wise sparrow that knows his own kinfolks.

A Word to our Readers

Those who answer the Frank Siddalls Soap Advertisement, (and we presume every family will for their own sake,) will please bear in mind that in order to get any answer to their letters, it is absolutely necessary to promise that the Soap sent for shall be used on the entire family wash, and strictly by every little direction, for every little direction is important, or it would not be given; and remember too, that the publishers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST tell you that the Frank Siddalls Soap will do everything claimed when the directions are followed, and that it will not injure the hands or clothes.

We want every reader of the POST to understand distinctly that we know Mr. Frank Siddalls personally; we know that he is an honorable man, and we know that every word he says in his advertisements is absolutely true.

Squeezings and Useful.

GAS ON RAILROADS.—A system of lighting railroad cars has been tried on the Baltic Railroad. The gas is made on the cars by the action of sulphuric acid on zinc, the resulting hydrogen being carbureted by being passed through naphtha vapor. It is said that this gas has very little odor, that its flame is bright white and constant, and that it is cheaper, and gives better results than stearine candles

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The central station for the carrier pigeons kept by the German Government for use in case of war, is at Cologne, in a disused monastery. The keeper and offices are located on the ground floor, and above is a huge pigeon cote. The birds are kept in training by being sent on journeys regularly, short in winter. They are all reared at Cologne, and thence despatched elsewhere.

GLASS CHIMNEYS ETC.—A German journal gives a method for hardening glass lamp chimneys that they will not crack. The chimneys are placed in a pot of cold water, to which salt has been added, the water boiled over a fire, and then allowed to cool slowly. The glass will afterward resist any sudden changes of temperature. The same process will make all crockery, stonewares, porcelain, etc., more durable.

LACE MACHINERY.—The manufacture of lace by machinery has received considerable attention in Europe lately, and a company has been formed in Paris. A French paper recently gives a description and an engraving of this masterpiece of mechanism, with a sample of Valenciennes lace made upon it. It is claimed that the loom can produce all kinds of lace, and that competent judges, and even lace-makers, confound the lace which it produces with that made by hand.

HAVEENOID.—This is the name of a new substitute for vulcanized india rubber now manufactured in New York. The latter is an imperfect mechanical mixture of rubber and sulphur; the former is a perfect chemical combination of rubber, camphor, sulphur and vegetable germs. Haveenoid can be made hard, semi-hard and soft, like rubber. The hard takes a natural and beautiful polish, and the soft possesses many attractive qualities. It is claimed, too, the substitute can be manufactured at a cheaper rate than ordinary vulcanized rubber.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The brilliant illumination of certain parts of London by various systems of electric lightning, which are undergoing a trial by the municipal authorities, is not a matter for unalloyed congratulations; for several hints have been received that the wires might be tampered with in such a way as to throw the central thoroughfares into complete darkness. To guard against possible accidents, therefore, some of the gas lamps are to be kept lighted, and steps will be taken to put the electric wires beyond the reach of mischievous hands. The possibility thus hinted at is certainly an important consideration and one which, with all the discussion of electric light on this side of the Atlantic, has received little or no attention

Home and Garden.

FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight.

COW FEED.—All keepers and feeders of cows should bear this in mind, that a cow cannot make cud when fed on shorts or meal alone. These must be mixed with longer feed, either in their manger or in the animal's stomach. It is not necessary to mix these substances before feeding, as the motion of the stomach will mix them sufficiently to form a cud.

MANURE.—It is said that an excellent manure for the gardener and fruit grower is made by mixing two or three bushels of bone dust through a load of stable manure and letting the whole ferment together. The bone dust increases the fermentation, and the heating manure softens the bone. The whole becomes a strong fertilizer if the heap is properly attended to.

CANKER WORMS.—A Western gentleman has invented a new trap for canker worms. Put on the ground around and touching the trunk moist plaster of Paris or cement; shape into a circular, level trough, smooth it off, and when dry coat the inside with cheap paint; allow this to harden and then fill with kerosene or petroleum. Less oil is needed if the troughs first partly filled with water. It will soon be filled with grubs, when it is easily swept out and refilled. It is cheap, simple, and effective.

WATERING.—Great mistakes are made in watering flowers. It seems nearly impossible to induce some plant lovers to desist from trying to grow all their plants in a marsh. Few plants can endure standing in a soil constantly drenched or in saucers of water. Less damage is done by over-watering. A good rule is to thoroughly drench the soil once in two days, using water but little warmer than the temperature of the room. Geraniums especially revolt from superfluous water. Ageratums and heliotropes just as decidedly protest being in the least dried.

FOUNDERS.—A surgeon in a recent lecture before the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, said that any case of founder can be cured if taken within thirty hours of the attack. The horse's feet should be placed in tubs of warm water, blanket heartily and set the animal thoroughly warm. In short, the treatment consists in equalizing the circulation by making the animal sweat, and thus relieving the feverish condition. Anyone who has a horse which becomes foundered should at once adopt vigorous treatment. In order to remove the disease the case must be taken in hand before the affection becomes established.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Now in the opening of summer, house plants require much care and attention. The sunshine on clear days will excite a rapid growth; consequently the plants will require a corresponding amount of air and moisture. Insect life is now quite as active as plant life, and the two cannot live long together. Destroy the insects, or they will destroy your plants. Young plants from seed sown in boxes should be pricked out into small pots and brought forward as rapidly as possible, but do not suffer them to grow weak and spindling. Always remember that one good, strong, healthy plant will produce more flowers than a score of puny, weak ones. Hyacinths in pots should be in perfection of bloom this month. When the flower-spike is well developed and the first flowerets begin to open cool, light room. This will materially prolong their season of bloom.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time to July 1st.

The New Premiums.

Our Diamond Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an extensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums, - - - $2.57
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each, - - 5.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each, - - 7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

HOW TO REMIT.

PAYMENT for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster is required to register letters when requested.

Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philada.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1881.

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THE WORLD OF HUMOR.
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SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
PERSONALITIES.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
MISCELLANEA. SANCTUM CHAT.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POVERTY.

CAN AND CANNOT.

If it could not have been helped by anything that it was in our power to do, there is nothing more to be said; it becomes us to accept the inevitable with a good grace, whether it bring with it weal or woe. Some things cannot be escaped which are not altogether agreeable; but it does not help the matter for us to fight against them, or allow ourselves to be overcome by them. If we live long enough, we must grow old, and after awhile comparatively useless; and if we do not live on, there is no other resource but to die. All this, however, does not trouble us much, because it is the common lot of humanity; if one half of the human race could escape either old age or death, the other half might be very much discontented.

People often tell you, when a thing has gone wrong, "It can't be helped," when, if they would only go to work as they ought to do, it might soon be rectified. Because we have made one great blunder is no reason for our making another. If we go upon the principle that we are forcordained to fail, we are quite likely to do so. A discouraged man is a very deplorable being. A strong man is never discouraged. If you say to him. "The thing can't be done," he replies, "The thing shall be done, whether or no." He is a man of expedients, and if the machine does not work right, he finds out what is the hindrance and removes it. One of the main secrets of success is never being discouraged. A man who keeps on trying is almost sure to succeed in the end.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Bishop of Detroit has forbidden the Catholics of that diocese to take part in pic-nics or excursions on any day of the week, or to hold fairs for the benefit of churches, schools, or other charitable institutions in the diocese without first submitting to him in writing the reasons therefor for his approval.

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THE leading paper of London recently contained a very remarkable and conspicuous paragraph, headed, "The Court," and describing Her Majesty's journey from Windsor to Osborne. It appears that precautions are now taken for the Queen's safety like those adopted in Russia, and that, contrary to all previous etiquette, the papers have been permitted to describe them. The railway along its whole length was watched by platelayers, provided with flags and fog signals, so that an alarm might be sent instantly along the line.

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In the Congregational church of Vermont, the people are so little given to change that they enjoy the services of the chorister who has led the music for thirty years. The old Pastor has occupied the pulpit for a quarter of a century. One deacon has been in office for forty years and another one for twenty. The superintendent has been in charge of the Sunday school for sixteen years, and the Sunday school teachers are mostly old hands, one of them having been diligently engaged in teaching for fifty-two years. Such cases of ecclesiastical longevity are exceedingly rare.

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THERE is a lively and conflicting competition in England between the Salvation Army and two new concerns which have imitated its style and trade marks. One of these is called the Salvation Mission, while the other bears the more military name of the Hallelujah Army. The Salvation Army recently sent a detachment of its warriors to Paris, where they had the ill luck to be arrested. The Parisians, strangely enough, took them for Jesuits in disguise. After the mistake was explained the Salvationists were discharged But they came to the conclusion that their mission was not to the French and that the people of Paris were a hard lot to convert.

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THE temperance movement appears to be making a real impression on the consumption of alcoholic drinks in England. The consumption of beer, wine and spirits during the year 1880 has diminished by nearly $30,000,000 from what it was in 1879, and of this nearly the whole has been saved in beer alone. On the other hand, the consumption of British spirits has rather increased, though the consumption of foreign spirits has diminished more than the former has increased. If these figures may be trusted, the improvement is rather in the greater temperance of non-spirit drinkers than in the conversion of regular dram drinkers.

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IT was thought that the revival of coaching in England would turn out to be a profitable speculation; and about five years ago many of these vehicles were started by gentlemen as a mean of combining business and pleasure. The financial results were not satisfactory, however, and year by year the number of passenger coaches has diminished, until of the nine which left London daily last summer only five are to be retained this season, and it is doubtful whether more than two of these will prove profitable. Notwithstanding the gush about the revival of a fine old English custom, the longer routes—have never paid their expenses. In the present age of speed, a journey of five hours, which can be accomplished by another conveyance in one, at about one-third the expense, is not attractive except to the oldest of the fogies, and it is doubtful whether any of them could be induced to take the trip twice. Coaching as a fashionable pastime is, however, on the increase.

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SINCE the decline of the art of self-defence in England, it has been replaced by more deadly, if not more brutal, methods of settling little difficulties. Each section of the country has its special method of fighting. In the west of England, where the love of wrestling still prevails, a good deal of the old chivalrous feeling, which scorns to strike a man when he is down, is still to be found. In the north, especially among the mill operatives, such fastidiousness is not fashionable. A case of this kind has recently occurred in Lancashire. Two young fellows were ill-treating a woman. A young man, a stranger to the customs of the natives, interfered. He was overpowered, knocked down, and kicked to death, his head being the special object of attack. The worst feature of the case is that a crowd of men who were present took no steps to prevent the cowardly murder. Such is English manliness in the nineteenth century!

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ONE of the Zulu Princesses who recently paid a visit to England under the auspices of the Westminster Aquarium has been initiated into some of the amenities of civilization, which she would have avoided had she not partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. As was the case with our first mother, she discovered that she was nude, or nearly so, and returned home provided with a fashionable costume, having all the latest improvements, including a pocket placed as far back as possible. In this receptacle she deposited her worldly wealth, amounting to between five and six dollars, and, in order to astonish her dusky countrywomen, she took a stroll down the Fifth avenue of her father's metropolis. Prompted by curiosity, a light-fingered native explored the recesses of that pocket and abstracted the wealth. Then was seen the unusual spectacle of a fashionably attired woman pursuing a totally naked man. The Princess, however, who was fleet-footed, caught her despoiler, and delivered him over to the hands of justice, from which it is to be hoped he will escape scot free in view of the temptation placed in his path. Yet the incident clearly demonstrates the progress of civilization in Zululand.

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IT is a beautiful theory that man was made for society; but it is an eminently better one that society was made for man. Man was necessarily in existence before society. He contains within himself all the virtues that are an ornament to society, all the elements that strengthen government. And government, and even society itself, however consequential they may appear to the view of the haughty and superficial observer, are, notwithstanding, only means to an end. That end is the betterment of the material, moral, and intellectual conditions of the individuals composing that society and state; to confer upon them, as far as possible, the greatest amount of happiness For this society was formed, and for this it is maintained. To protect the individual in his pursuit of happiness, governments were instituted, and when they no longer subserve that chief end they become obsolete.

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THE Italian Government has been for some time past engaged in compiling statistics in reference to the condition of the poorer classes of the country. The report on the subject of the food supply of the kingdom has been published, and is full of interest. Little or no improvement has taken place in the condition of the agricultural population during the last quarter of a century. The poorest and worst fed people are found on the plains of Lombardy in the vicinity of Milan. To them even the disease breeding polenta, or crushed maize, is a luxury. In some provinces the inhabitants fare a little better by reason of the profusion of the fruits, but otherwise their condition is one of extreme misery. Whole families occupy one room, and, working from sunrise to sunset, they subsist on fruit and black bread, which is daily given to them by their employer. They never undress, and old and young, men, women, and children, huddle together at night on one straw mattress During the harvest these poor wretches are given about two quarts of thin wine to enable them to support the extra fatigue. In northern and central Italy the peasants subsist almost entirely on maize, which produces a horrible skin disease called pellagra. The landed proprietors, however, decline to plant any other grain than maize to feed the peasantry on. In other parts of the peninsula, the potato is being introduced. The principle food in various places is a meal made from acorns, which is baked into a kind of bread. Elsewhere macaroni is much used. Chestnuts form the staple food of the peasantry in sections also. The consumption of cheese is chiefly confined to Lombardy. Fresh animal food is partaken of very seldom by the poor, and salt meat hardly at all. Salt fish, however, is largely used, especially by devout Catholics. This article of food is imported from America by an English firm at Naples, whose members have grown immensely wealthy by reason of the monopoly they possess of the trade. Many combinations have been made to wrest it from them, but they have hitherto managed to retain control of the business. It is curious to note that in the south of Italy, where wine is largely made, the poor people drink little of it.

ON THE PIER.

BY J. R.

A crash of music, a blaze of light
Where the dancers whirl in glee,
And out beyond the silent night
Over the sighing sea,
Whose waves sigh on—sigh on—sigh on—
Whose waves sigh on forever.

So with its music of mirth and song,
Its glory of laughter and love,
To a maddening measure life whirls along,
But death is around and above.
And still through the music we hear the rhyme
The sorrowing song of the tide of time,
Whose waves sigh on—sigh on—sigh on—
Whose waves sigh on forever.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY KUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONTHS passed by, and spring came round again. The London season had been an unusually early one, and Lord Caledon, not feeling quite so well and strong as usual, had gone to Chandos early in May.

John Bardon and Lady Avice had not been up to town, for the great desire of the millionaire's heart had been granted. An heir was born to his son, and the family which he had founded, and of which he was so inordinately proud, bade fair to stand high in the social scale. His delight and exultation knew no bounds. It was generally believed he considered Lady Avice the queen and ornament of her sex for having given an heir to Hyne Court. To show his satisfaction, he presented his daughter-in-law with a handsome set of diamonds, and his son with a superb service of gold plate, to be used for the first time at the christening; he also gave to Hyne Church a richly carved marble font. A Royal Duke and Duchess were invited to be sponsors; and the day of the christening of the infant heir was a proud day for Richard Bardon.

"I have founded a family, Julia," he said to his wife; "and years after I am dead and gone the name of Bardon will be a power in the land."

"I hope so, my dear. If little Dione prospers, all will go well." For amongst the superabundance of names that they had given the child they had introduced that of "Dione"—Basil Hugh Albert Dione Francis Bardon; and they had elected to call him "Dione."

Lady Avice would not hear of going up to town. She hardly trusted the child out of her sight, and all the love that was in her nature was lavished on her babe. Her love for her child made her kinder and more gentle, and even seemed to soften her heart, to beautiful women. In spite of their beauty, they had not little Dione, and she would rather be Dione's mother than Queen of England.

One morning at breakfast, John Bardon took up the Times, and, after reading a while, he said to his wife—

"Here is news of a friend of mine. You remember Lieutenant Allan Osburn?"

"Yes," replied Lady Avice, whose thoughts were just then occupied with a weighty matter of an embroidered pelisse for the baby heir.

"He has been appointed Captain, the Honorable Berkeley Vane resigned, and I am heartily glad of it."

Then the paper fell from his hands, and his face blanched as it had blanched once before. Lady Avice, lost in contemplation of her baby in a new pelisse, did not notice his peculiar manner. The Times fell upon the floor, and he began with a troubled face to walk up and down the room; his thoughts grew deeper and his fancies darker. One picture would not be put away. It was of a woman's face, pale with passion and scorn, under an almond tree.

"John," said Lady Avice, "baby is asleep, and I am afraid those heavy steps of yours will disturb him."

No answer came from her husband. The baby might wake, for all he cared just then; vengence was within his grasp, and he was weighing it against the happiness of two lives.

"I called him 'friend,'" he said to himself. "How can I be a traitor to him?"

Yet revenge would be sweet. How he would like to see the proud beauty humbled, to see her lips quiver, and tears fall from the eyes that had looked upon him with such scorn! He paced rapidly to and fro; Lady Avice's mild warnings were all unheeded; darker grew the frown upon his face, and more bitter his thoughts. Presently a hand was laid upon his arm and Lady Avice looked with a smile into his face.

"Listen," she said—

"'Let every sound be dead—
Baby sleeps;
The Emperor softly tread—
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop,
Let Paidine's carol drop—
Baby sleeps;
Demosthenes be dumb—
Our tyrant's hour has come—
Baby sleeps.'

I am obliged to quote poetry to you, John, to bring you to your senses. You seem to forget that we have a new day-nursery, and that it is the next room to this. You also forget, my dear, that baby is asleep. All the affairs of Europe are as nothing compared with the fact that 'baby sleeps.'"

By this time John Bardon had quite recovered himself, and his face softened as it always did at the name of "baby."

"I am very sorry," he replied; "I hope I have not awakened the little one. I was thinking so deeply that I did not hear quite what you said."

"John," said Lady Avice, "will you tell me of what you were thinking? I have never seen such an expression on your face before."

It was the first time Lady Avice had shown deep interest in him; and John Bardon was flattered by it.

"Nothing very pleasant, my dear," he replied. "I was thinking of a story that I heard some time since."

"A story?" she repeated. "Tell it to me, John. I am going to take my work under the cedar, and sit in the shade there. I am about to make some lace for baby; and such lace—finer than a spider's web! You shall see it. Bring your cigar, and you can tell me your thoughts and your story there."

John Bardon did as he was told. He carried her sunshade and her work basket, arranged a comfortable seat for her, and then lit his cigar; but the words did not flow readily, as he had expected they would.

She waited for some minutes in silence; and then, in a soft gentle voice, she asked—

"What was the story, John?"

But he seemed unwilling to speak; his lips grew hot and stiff, and in fancy he saw a woman's lovely face with a ripple of scorn on it, while he thought he heard a woman's sweet voice with a ring of passionate pride in it.

"It is the same old story that is ever being told—only a love-story; but I heard it, Avice, and I was thinking of it."

"Let me hear it," she said quietly.

And again he thought he saw the fair scornful face.

"It was of a man humbly born, but rich, and he fell in love with a beautiful proud lady—an earl's daughter. He—so I have heard—worshipped her and loved her with the passionate love of a man's whole heart. She told him that she was interested in his career; and he was foolish enough to think that the words meant more than they really did, and he lived for a time on vain empty hopes. She was kind to him, gave him advice, and told him how he could distinguish himself. He almost lost his senses over her."

He stopped abruptly, for it seemed to him that the wind quietly stirring the cedar branches sang over again the sweet sad refrain—

"The wind that comes from over the mountain
Will madden me."

"Well," said Lady Avice kindly, "how did it end, John?"

"Just as you may imagine. One beautiful summer evening he told her, without warning, how he loved her, and what a love like hers might do for him; and she——"

"And she?" repeated Lady Avice, finding that he was silent.

"She treated him with the most cruel scorn, told him that his love was an insult, and dismissed him contemptuously. What do you think of a woman like that, Avice?"

Lady Avice was pale and agitated.

"I think ill of her," she replied. "The love of an honest man can never insult a woman who is the object of it. The girl who said so had but little sense."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Well, Avice, he swore to be revenged. He did not wish to hurt or slander her; but he wanted to make her feel the same pain and anguish that he had felt; and—in after years—the opportunity came to him when he could make her suffer. What I was thinking of was this—was he right, when the opportunity came, to avail himself of it, or should he have let her alone?"

Lady Avice's face grew paler and sterner.

"I think that, if he had sworn vengeance, he should take it. She should have been punished if she made a good man suffer."

The hand that held the white lace trembled a little as she spoke. He was silent for some time.

"Avice," said John Bardon at last, "I think I shall invite Captain Osburn down for a few weeks; he has leave of absence, I know. Would you like him to come?"

"Certainly, but we must ask some nice people to meet him. He would not enjoy himself with us alone. All my time is taken up with baby; and you have so many claims on yours."

"Yes, we will have a party to meet him, and make things pleasant. There will be plenty of gaiety in the neighborhood this summer."

"You are thinking," said the wife in a quiet tone, "that he will in all probability be invited to Chandos for the summer fetes."

"Yes," replied John Bardon in even a quieter tone; "Lord Caledon is sure to take a fancy to him, and Lady Iris will certainly like him."

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A fine summer morning, and a warm sun shining on the green lanes round King's Forest, lovely green lanes, with tall hedgerows on either side; here and there pink and white may, and sweet honeysuckle in long trailing sprays; green banks covered with wild-flowers, and tall trees meeting overhead and forming a cool pleasant shade.

"No one but an artist can do justice to the green lanes of 'merrie England,'" though Lady Iris, as she walked through the long lane called the Lover's Lane outside King's Forest.

She had been visiting her poor, and had driven over in her little basket-carriage with its usual load of good things for their benefit. That morning she had been somewhat longer than usual, as there were a greater number of people ill, and, thinking that her ponies looked tired, she had sent the groom with them to the Caledon Arms, and had then walked on to her favorite haunt, the Lover's Lane. She had a real affection for the place, and never went to King's Forest without passing through it.

The lane was entered from the high road that led to King's Forest, and ended in a coppice which led to the woods. It was a lovely spot, a place for lovers to tell love stories in, for a poet to cull sweet fancies in, or for happy children to play in. Lady Iris, her face slightly flushed with the wind, was walking slowly down the lane when she suddenly became aware of a very unpleasant sight.

A powerful-built, dirty-looking man, evidently of the lowest order of tramps, lay upon the grass, and by his side grazed an ass, a most miserable-looking animal. The man was apparently a travelling tinker, for some of the implements of his trade lay near him. He watched her as she stepped daintily along, with an evil smile on his face, a terrible smile that, brave as she was, made her shudder. As she came nearer to him he half rose, and, leaning on his elbow, said—

"Have you anything to give, lady, to a man who is starving and tired?"

For a few moments she was irresolute. If she gave him money she might be encouraging idleness and vice, and, if she refused, he might die of starvation. The ass certainly looked half-starved, if its owner did not. While she hesitated, the tramp sprang to his feet; he was a tall gaunt man, with a powerful frame, and a savage-looking face.

"Did you hear me? I am starving. You can walk about with silk gowns and gold chains, while I can get nothing to eat. I say it's a shame!"

"You have no right to speak to me in that way," said Lady Iris bravely, although her heart beat with something like fear. "I have not refused to help you."

"If you help me, it will be all right; but I say again it isn't fair. Why should one wear gold chains and another have to lie down because he is too weak from hunger to stand?"

Lady Iris made no answer. The man certainly looked hungry, and something to eat might be what he really wanted. She took out her purse, but, when she saw the evil gleam in his eyes as they rested upon it, she knew that she had done a very imprudent thing to allow him to see it. If he became rough or violent, there was no one near to help her.

"I tell you what," he said gruffly; "you seem one of the right sort. I will make a bargain with you. I will say nothing about the gold chain if you will give me the purse just as it is. I could snatch it from your hands if I like; I could drag the chain from your neck and tear the rings from your fingers; but, if you will give me the purse, I will let you go. Now what do you say?"

"I shall give you what I think proper for your relief," she replied, "and nothing more."

She spoke bravely, yet her heart was beating with fear. She had read of ladies being murdered for plunder, and she looked from the brutal face of the man to the bright blue sky above. Was she, the idol of the fashionable world, to die there in a ditch, murdered by a common tramp? Yet it seemed to her easier to die than to yield to the insolence of the man.

"I'm starving while you are thinking," he said roughly. "I never like to hurt women; but a man's patience cannot last for ever. Give me that purse, and you walk on free; refuse it, and one blow will place you at my mercy."

She looked at him, and the courage of her race arose within her. He drew nearer to her with his arm raised; in another moment he would have felled her to the ground; but a strong arm intervened.

"You contemptible coward!" she heard a voice cry; and the next instant the burly frame of her enemy was stretched upon the grass. "You scoundrel, to terrify and insult a lady!"

Lady Iris looked at the prostrate footpad to her preserver, and her eyes rested upon the handsomest man she had ever seen, a man with a dark noble-looking face. He raised his hat and bowed, while the tramp moaned in the ditch.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that you should have been frightened by that fellow. I think it disgraceful that a lady cannot walk through a country lane without being insulted by a wretch like that. He is not fit to live!"

A loud groan came from the ditch which almost made the stranger smile.

"I hope you are not hurt?" he continued.

"No," replied Lady Iris, "not in the least; but I was rather frightened."

"He will not be able to stir just yet," said her preserver; "so I can send a policeman to him as soon as I can find one. In the meantime, if you will per-

mit me. I will remain with you until you have somewhat recovered."

She was glad to sit down upon the green bank, and it was a relief to throw off the white-plumed hat and let the summer wind play on her brow. A few minutes later the earth and the sky seemed to meet, a mist came over her eyes, and she knew no more. It was the first time Lady Iris had ever fainted, and the sensation was new and terrible to her.

When she opened her eyes again, she found the dark face bending over her and strong arms sustaining her.

"Are you better?" said the stranger kindly. "What can I do for you?"

"I am more frightened than hurt," she answered. "I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and am sorry to have given you so much trouble. I can walk well enough now.

"You had better sit still a little longer," said her protector; and there was such a charm in his voice that she obeyed without thinking.

He stood at some little distance, with the air of one who wished to take care of her, yet did not wish to be obtrusive; her eyes lingered on him, for she had seen no one like him. He was an exceedingly handsome man, a man who would attract attention wherever he went. He was a stranger in the neighborhood, and she wondered who he could be. He must be a gentleman, she thought; his whole bearing showed him to be one.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, coming near her. "I should not like to leave you alone while I go to seek help; but, if you live in the neighborhood, you will not, I think, be able to reach home on foot."

She was relieved from all further anxiety by hearing the sound of carriage-wheels; and, looking down the lane, she saw the groom in the basket-carriage driving toward her.

"Your carriage, I imagine?" said the stranger.

"Yes," she said; but her first feeling was one of regret that she must leave him. He had been so kind and so gentle, and he was so unlike any one else. As they walked slowly toward the carriage, she said to him—

"You have been very good to me; you have saved my life—for no doubt that man would have killed me. Will you add one favor by saying nothing about it? My father would never let me come to King's Forest again if he knew of my adventure."

"I will not mention it; but let me beg of you to be careful. It is not safe for ladies to wander through these lonely lanes. May I know whom I have had the happiness of assisting?"

"I am Lady Iris Fayne," she answered quickly.

"And I," he said, raising his hat, "am Captain Allan Osburn—at your service."

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT subtle change has come over everything? Lady Iris Fayne was driving home through the same green lanes, along the same white roads, with the same grand range of hills rising to the west, and yet to her the world was changed. The sunshine seemed to have grown brighter and more golden, and the music of the birds struck her as it had never done before.

She had gone out that morning without fear or anxiety, and had met with a disagreeable adventure which had so far frightened her that she had fainted for the first time in her life; but that adventure seemed to have happened long since—it was impossible to imagine that it had happened that same morning. She could not forget her protector's beautiful dark eloquent eyes. Why did they haunt her? There must surely be a reason for it. Suddenly it struck her what it was.

In the library at Chandos, her favorite room, hung a picture which had been painted by one of England's greatest artists. Lord Caledon had seen it in the Academy, and had been so struck with it that he had purchased it and hung it up in the library. It was a magnificent painting of Sir Lancelot, and underneath it were these words—

"A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through his hair;
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot."

The painting was as perfect as the poem—

"The gemmy bridle glitter'd free
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy."

But the artist's skill had been chiefly lavished on the face of Sir Lancelot, so dark, so proud, so handsome

"His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On his bold head, between his eyes that flowed
From under his helmet like a beam,
Waved thick as night and down to his knee
All black with one white plume above."

The splendid dark face had an expression of high courage, and the dark eyes, as they gazed upon Camelot, had no fear in them. Sir Lancelot looked indeed a hero.

Yes, that was what had struck her. The face of the knight in the picture, which had always been her ideal of manly beauty, was exactly like the face of Captain Allan Osburn: the resemblance was perfect. Captain Osburn might have sat as the artist's model; he had the same dark eloquent eyes and the same fearless look. How remarkable it was that the face of a stranger should resemble that of the knight in the picture!

She blushed a hot crimson blush as she remembered how she had looked at that picture and had fancied that, if ever she loved any one, it would be a hero with a face like Sir Lancelot's—dark, full of pride and dignity, with gleams of tenderness in the eyes and round the curved lips. "But," she had said to herself, "where is such a face to be found?"

When she reached Chandos, she went first to her own room to collect her thoughts which had gone a little astray—so it seemed to her—and, then haunted still by the dark eyes, she went to see the picture. It was the first thing that attracted attention on entering the room, nearly every visitor went at once to it and began to praise it.

As Lady Iris drew nearer to the painting, it seemed to her as though the dark pictured eyes smiled and a ray of light escaped from them. She went close to it and studied it long and intently; there was no mistake—it was no fancy of hers—there was a most wonderful resemblance. What true steadfast eyes they were, and how any woman might trust her love, life, and honor in such hands! As she stood watching the picture, looking as she did so as beautiful as a poet's dream, with her fair hair and lovely face, she could not help repeating to herself the remainder of the lines—

"From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
Sang Sir Lancelot."

She said to herself that she had not noticed one half of the beauties of the picture before; then suddenly, as though she were compelled to do it, she repeated aloud the words—

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide,
The mirror cracked from side to side;
The curse is come upon me!' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

"What words—'"The curse is come upon me!" cried the Lady of Shalott!' 'The curse!' What does that mean?"

Lady Iris stopped to ask herself the question. What curse fell upon the lovely Lady of Shalott when she saw Sir Lancelot ride out from between the barley-sheaves? She looked at his face—the web flew, the mirror cracked, and the curse fell upon her! It could be but one thing, and that was love. But how could love be a curse?

Lady Iris smiled at her own fanciful thoughts; there seemed to be some strange analogy between her case and that of the lady in the poem. She had looked at the face of the stranger, she had heard his name, his dark eyes had smiled once into hers—and here she was in the same mood with the Lady Shalott; she had left her web and her loom, she was ready with bent brow and white folded hands to pace the room. Had the curse, if it were a curse, fallen upon her? Love could never be a curse!

Then she laughed aloud at her whimsical fancies. All this had arisen because she had met a stranger with a face like that in her favorite picture—she, who had been wooed by some of the handsomest men in England and now hardly remembered their features. If ever by any chance she should see him again, if by any accident he should ever come to Chandos, she would show him this picture, and ask him if he detected the resemblance. She looked with a gay glad smile into the dark pictured face.

"Good-bye, Sir Lancelot!" she cried, "I believe, dreadful as it is, that I want a Lancelot of my own—not a Lancelot in a poem or a picture, but a living breathing Lancelot. '"The curse is come upon me!" cried the Lady of Shalott.' I shall begin to think that I am like her soon. My face burns, my heart beats wildly, I can interest myself in nothing and every one seems commonplace and uninteresting. It is all your fault, Sir Lancelot—not mine!"

Those who admired and loved her noticed that there was a change in her. She laughed and talked and was as brilliant as usual; but every now and then a thoughtful look came over the radiant face, tender gleams stole into the proud eyes, and sweeter music into the gentle voice.

That evening, when the guests had retired and she was alone with the Earl, she longed to tell him of her adventure; but, if she did so, she reminded herself, he would certainly never allow her to ride through the lanes alone again. One question she did venture to ask him—

"Are there any strangers about the neighborhood, papa, any visitors anywhere?"—and she had to hide her face lest he should see the flush that had risen to it.

"No, my dear, none that I have heard of," he replied; and she wondered a little.

Before she went to rest she paid one more visit to the picture. The moonlight rested upon it, and there seemed to be a gleam of tenderness in the dark noble face.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORE practical thoughts came to Lady Iris with the morning light. Thinking of the face and figure of the man who had befriended her, she said to herself that he must be of noble birth, for such faces were not to be found among commoners. Good blood must show itself; it was one of those things that cannot be hidden. She wondered if his lineage was as ancient as her own, if he came from a family like hers, famous in history.

"He could not have a prouder motto than mine," she thought. "'Held with honor'—no motto could be prouder than that."

Suddenly she remembered that she could find out all about him if she consulted Burke's Peerage.

More than an hour he spent in turning over the pages of the book. There were Osburns in plenty, but she could not tell to which he belonged. "Osburn" was the family name of the Lords of Gorton, of the Earls of Enfield, and the Barons of Lowe; he might belong to any of these families. To her highly-strung imagination none of them was good enough for him—with his face and manner he ought to be a prince at least. What was he doing in the lanes of King's Forest? Where was he staying? Whom was he visiting? Not the Clyffardes; and it could not be the Bardons. She smiled at the idea of such a man visiting the Bardons.

Then she looked through the landed gentry, and again she found several Osburns—the Osburns of Moote, of Lanreagh, of Sketchley. The Osburns of Sketchley had sons in the Army; she made a note of that. They were a very old family, and had declined a peerage, preferring the old name "Osburn of Sketchley" to any other which could be given to them. In her own mind, without any particular reason, she decided that he was one of the Osburns of Sketchley.

The long summer day passed, and to Lady Iris it was one of the longest and dreariest of her life. She did not care for the compliments and flattery of men or the amiable platitudes of women.

"I am weary of it all," she said. "I feel to-day as though I must run away from all of them. I am tired of everybody but papa."

All at once a vague dread came over her. She had met this stranger unexpectedly, and she fancied that his face lighted up at the mention of her name, as though it was somewhat familiar to him. What if he were only passing through the neighborhood, and she should never see him again? What if that first glimpse were to be her last? She did not know it, but it was that thought which took the light from the sunshine and made life seem more heavy and dull than it had ever been before.

"He really saved my life," she said to herself. "There is no doubt about it; that horrible man would and could have have killed me with one blow. Yes, he saved my life, and I hardly thanked him for it. I should like to see him once again, just to thank him properly, which I feel I did not do. Besides, he was so kind to me, and I said nothing about that. I hope he will not think me rude or ungrateful. I should like to look into his face again, to touch his hand, and thank him for saving my life."

A ball was to be given that evening at Hyne Court, and the whole party at Chandos, with the exception of Lord Caledon, had promised to be present. Hyne Court under the sway of the millionaire, and Hyne Court under the rule of Lady Avice were two very different places. When the millionaire resided there, people slighted the invitations and sneered at the entertainments; now invitations were eagerly sought after, and the entertainments were unequaled in the county.

In the afternoon Lady Iris's maid reminded her of her engagement.

"You have given me no orders, my lady," she said, "and I thought you had forgotten it."

"I had indeed," answered Lady Iris, who did not care to be interrupted and called from her day-dreams by anything so prosaic as a ball at Hyne Court; "I had forgotten all about it."

"Evidently no one will be there whom my lady cares to meet," thought the maid. After waiting a few moments, she said, "What shall I prepare for you, my lady? What jewels will you wear?"

Lady Iris was still looking out at the trees, and did not seem in the least interested in the ball.

"Anything," she replied hastily. "I do not care which. I leave it to you, Clara."

"But, my lady—I am sorry to trouble you—is it not one of the nights when you wish to excel?"

"No; anything will do," answered Lady Iris.

What pleasure could the ball give to her? She was tired of dancing, and weary of flattery and compliments; the very thought of the entertainment was distasteful to her. What would it matter? What did anything matter? This was indeed an unusual mood for bright Lady Iris.

It was arranged that dinner should be served an hour earlier than usual, so that the ladies should not be hurried in the preparations of their toilet. The coming ball was the one subject of discussion among the visitors at Chandos.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"What a great missed ache," said the man after having a troublesome tooth divorced from his jaw.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

In the hands of a Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash day, and make Clothes clean, sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman does not get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

A Sensible Woman does not get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

A Sensible Woman does not get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them*, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

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A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times*, *The Norristown Herald*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, *and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!*

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. **Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents. 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes, but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub, the outer end of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard*, when all the dirt will drop out. Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap, and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.* Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap, until all the suds are out. [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue water.* [Use sparingly any blueing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue water and *out on the line without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night.* It makes them harder to wash, *and is not a clean way. Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure **old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm,** and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. **It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.**

If you have an *Ingrowing Toe Nail, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum*, or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, try Frank Siddalls Soap. If *Ingrowing Toe Nail*, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh.

It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing like ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the house! It has the remarkable property of **Washing Freely in Hard Water,** and *does not* require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Preparation whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap *only requires about one-quarter of the water* that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper (for it can be made to go further) for all common uses. Dont get the old wash-boiler mended, *for a tea kettle will heat enough water for a large wash* when the clothes are washed by **The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORY OF A COLLIE.

BY C. J.

ROLF was a collie. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He was a handsome enough dog, certainly, but I have seen handsomer. He became my property when we were both very young; he a fat, woolly little puppy just able to lick milk on his own account, I a boy of thirteen. I was proud of Rolf, and soon got to be very fond of him; and he speedily attached himself to me, and acknowledged me his sole master.

Rolf was a present from my father. I began his education almost immediately; and he soon showed himself endowed with rare intelligence. He speedily became as fond of sport as his master. I encouraged him to swim, and no spaniel was ever a better water dog. He was partner, retriever, friend, and companion all in one. I trained him also to carry written messages or parcels home and return with what I wanted, no matter at what distance I might be. I little thought in those early days that a time would come when I should owe my life to Rolf's faithfulness as my messenger.

Our house, which was on a large island, was situated at the head of a fine bay, which ran inland some three miles. One summer's day I was out with my boat, and was funny half way round the island, with the intention of circumnavigating it. Gliding smoothly and silently along, and just as I was passing a small rock called Hurtle Skerry, I caught sight of an otter on the lookout, evidently getting good fishing. He was within easy range, and to snatch my fowling piece and give him the contents of the right barrel, was the work of an instant. He was wounded, but not killed, so I gave him the finishing stroke from the second barrel. Sculling up, I ran my boat along the Skerry, having the dead otter attached to the end of the long rope which served as painter, I intending giving the skiff a little shove off to prevent her rubbing against the sharp and jagged covered rock. With each lapping in the light breeze, she forged off to seaward. I fixed the anchor in a little crevice; but turning to see that she had swung clear and was in my master I observed the other end of the rope running over the bows and dropping into the sea. In some way never accounted for, but most probably by some idle meddling hand, it had been unloosed from the ring bolt and was lying loose on the deck. I had not observed it. My boat was adrift, and I was a prisoner. In an instant I knew and felt the peril of the situation. It was low water at the time, but the tide had already turned; the flood was coming in, and at high water that evil lying reefs of Hurtle Skerry, I was well aware would be covered some feet. Had I been a good swimmer, I should doubtless instantly have overstepped and swum to land, reclaimed my boat, or at anyrate could easily enough have reached the smaller island or even our own larger one, but, unfortunately, at that time I could not swim at all. The Hurtle Skerry was barely fifty yards from a steep unscalable precipice of several hundred feet in height, and the nearest landing place in a little creek where the shore was shelving, was at least a hundred and fifty yards distant. I was in the circumstances, this was an impassable gulf.

I sat down, and tried to think. For a few terrible moments, no hope of rescue or means of escape presented itself to my mind. I daresay some suitable expressions of despair burst from me for I was roused by Rolf laying his paw on my knee and looking up in my face, as if to inquire what was wrong. "Ah! Rolf," I cried, "you can reach the shore and are safe enough but your master will perish miserably. What will they think at home?" His quick ear caught the word home and he was instantly on the alert, as if for orders, and even ran to the water's edge with an eager whine which expressed as plainly as words could have done, 'Send me.' In my first excitement, I had not thought of this before, and even now, when there really seemed a gleam of hope in it, the thought of parting from my companion and being left alone on that terrible rock was dreadful. But what else was there that could be done? "You are right, Rolf," I said. "It is my only chance and you shall go." I tore a leaf from my pocket book, and wrote, "I am on Hurtle Skerry, boat adrift. Send help instantly, or it will be too late." Hastily but securely, I wrapped my missive in my handkerchief, which I tied firmly to Rolf's collar, all the time saying to the intelligent creature:

"You must go home with this, Rolf—home. Now Rolf, will you be sure to take my message home, and quick!" He was already at the water's edge. "Come here Rolf," I cried. He ran back to my arms. For an instant I hesitated, and tried to think. "Yes," I said, "it must be so, it is my only chance. Rolf, Rolf, your master is in sore straits, he is depending upon you. Brave dog, good dog! Now, home, Rolf—home, and quick!"

Two bounds, an impatient bark, as though he meant to assure me he knew it was a case of life and death, a plunge, and Rolf was cleaving the water towards the nearest shore. I sat still and intent on my dreary perch, and watched his rapid progress. I saw him approach and gain the rocky shore. I saw him spring lightly and disappear among the boulders.

On all previous occasions, when I had sent him home with messages, he had only at most a few hundred yards or more to traverse. But now he had to cross the entire island then cross the sound—nearly half a mile in width as I have said—and still he was to have a far more distant home. I knew there were many things that might distract, deter, or detain him; and a very short detention would be certain death to me.

The tide soon turned, and I well remember the horrible fascination of watching the water rising inch by inch, creeping with a cruel, slow remorseless, higher and higher every moment. What my thoughts were may be easily imagined.

Thus two and a half long hours slipped past; long they seemed—almost a lifetime—and yet all too short. The tide was rapidly rising. Only a small space of the topmost point of the rock now remained above water, and still there was no indications of rescue. I looked at the crueless, the black, frowning rocks, the bright sun and blue sky. O horrible! What, no help come! Must I then miserably die! so young and strong too! Ah, Rolf, you have failed me in my need!"

But Rolf had not failed me. Standing there with strained senses and bursting breast, just then, I seemed to hear a sound of oars from the direction of the mainland. Was it the sound of oars, or was it only fancy? I held my breath and listened. Again that sound. Joy, joy! I knew it well—the stroke of oars regular but more rapid than usual—quick quick like to me who waited for every one, as indeed they did. Lonely, utterly and I startled my weary ears. Another minute, and round the point scarcely fifty yards from my perch swept a gig! I waved and shouted with all my might and main. Those in the boat caught sight of me, and bent to their work with a will, while high in the bow, like a figure head, with ears on the qui vive, ears erect, and trembling all over with excitement the first object that caught my eyes was my noble, faithful Rolf! I had done him injustice when, for a moment, I thought he had failed me; and my heart smote me. The instant he saw me, he sprang with a joyful bark far ahead and swam to me. I took him in my arms, clasping him as I was I was never, never to part with him. Not for the sake of the delay which had so nearly made the rescue come too late. He had carried my message safely and swiftly home. But as we steamed back to my home, I resolved that never one that so well deserved to be loved and cherished.

I shall only add that, after that day's terrible experience I lost no time in getting it beyond possibility that I should ever again encounter a similar peril, for I soon became an expert swimmer, and found myself as much at home in the water as Rolf did.

FOR LOW SPIRITS.—Take an ounce of the spirits of reasonableness, properly mixed with the oil of good conscience; infuse into it a large spoonful of the salts of patience. Distil very carefully a composing plant called others, which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of diligence. Some drops of this will very much assist the salts of patience in its operations; gather a handful of the branches of hope—sweeten these properly with the balm of providence. If you can procure any of the genuine cordial of true friendship, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered, but take care of the counterfeit kind of true friendship which is very common but entirely different in its nature, though very much like it in appearance, and which knows nature to self interest. A small quantity of this poisonous plant, is sufficient to spoil the whole composition. Make these ingredients into pills, which you may call the pills of comfort. Take one every night, as you lie down to rest, and as soon as you awake in the morning.

M. B.

DRUGGIST—"Doctor, you must prescribe more calomel and less mandrake. I am all out of the latter and have an immense stock of calomel on hand, and must work it off this month or take a heavy loss." PHYSICIAN—"Tell you the truth, I begin to think that calomel is much superior to mandrake." [Both wrong, both more and more busily employed, like men who have done a good deed.] In quite time enough

OVER THE MARK

BY [illegible]

HELEN DARCY stood before her mirror and saw therein reflected her pretty slightly petite form, and a face all [illegible] with bright bloom.

"Well," Miss Darcy remarked, complacently to her reflection, "I don't know that I ever wore a costume more becoming than this archery suit. Certainly I ought to be successful and successful today."

The Cedarmere Archery Club to which Miss Darcy belonged, was to meet at Cedarmere, the palatial residence where the young ladies of Larrolton had chosen their name; and, above all, Raymond Chauncey himself had invited them and offered a prize to the best bow woman, and was to give the young ladies a delightful entertainment in the grand mansion which had been newly fitted up for his home coming.

For Raymond had been abroad so much of his life that some of the Larrolton girls—Helen Darcy among them—had not so much as a name to their image of him.

Of course every feminine young heart in Larrolton was in a flutter at the thought of this wealthy and, it was rumored, handsome addition to masculine society.

"Mamma," Helen exclaimed, as she ran down to the parlor at the announcement of her escort's coming, "don't you think I stand a fair show of winning Raymond Chauncey's heart?"

"I certainly do, Helen; but you must remember, that it is possible that much of what you have heard concerning his beauty and agreeableness may be rumor only."

"That does not matter," responded Helen, gaily. "If he is as ugly as—as I am pretty, I mean to win him, I presume."

And with a care free little laugh she ran out to the gate where Hal Tracy waited with his bow.

"How becomingly you are dressed to day, Miss Helen," Hal exclaimed with an earnestness too genuine for his compliment to be doubted. "I saw the Misses Mavern and Bessie Delancy, and several of the young misses, making their way towards Cedarmere and Mr. Chauncey's invitation has called forth a very handsome array of new suits, but I must confess that I consider yours the most unique of all that I have seen."

"And if you don't continue to think it deserving of the pains you will break my heart," cried the girl, in mock terror.

"I think there is little reason to suppose that I shall change either my opinions of the costume or the wearer," Hal retorted impressively.

"Oh!" with a bewildering glance at him, "and are the latter as flattering as the former?" with prettily assumed anxiety.

For a moment the young man made no response, as he and his companion idled on towards Cedarmore, among the grassy paths and under the pleasant sun flecked shadow of the trees, then suddenly, he dropped an ardent, earnest eyes to hers.

"Helen you know very well how much I admire you. How much more than mere admiration I feel for you! Helen," as the girl kept her brown eyes wilfully bent upon the path before them, "I am sure you must have guessed how very dear you are to me; and I should have confessed my love before but that I wanted to wait and be sure that you cared as much for me. But now that Mr. Chauncey has come home, to turn all the young girls' heads, I want you, dear, if you care for me and can love me, to promise to be my wife, some day, before he has a chance to steal my darling from me."

"So he thinks," said she to herself, "that I shall captivate Raymond Chauncey."

And then she looked up and answered him with a little pout.

"I do hope, Hal, that you will not say another word about this, just yet. Why, you will make me so nervous and unlike myself that every girl will be a better shot than I. Please forget about it until—until to night. You know that I like you, and you must take that as a sufficient answer for a few hours."

Not much of an answer, but just then they reached the splendid Cedarmere lawn, and a companion came to present her to their host.

He himself was introduced soon after; quite soon enough to see with what admiring eyes Mr. Chauncey was regarding Helen.

The arrangements for the contest were splendid, and certainly if Helen Darcy ever looked bewitching in her life she did when it came her turn to shoot.

At the end it was found that she had put in nine out of her ten arrows, and had scored sixty five.

So she won the prize—a golden bow and arrow set with three pearls.

There was great applause, and Mr. Chauncey was foremost to compliment the beautiful young sportswoman, in enthusiastic terms looking into her flushed, dancing face with eyes that spoke as deep an admiration as Helen could have hoped to win so soon.

"Will you let me present you to my cousin, Miss Darcy who sits over in that rose tent? He is an invalid, and cannot come to you, but he saw you shooting, and is greatly interested in you."

"Certainly," answered Helen, walking away with him, though it was evident from the indifferent politeness with which she treated the pale faced gentleman to whom her companion introduced her, that she cared more for the handsome man at her side than the delicate looking invalid who regarded her with such earnest, serious, wistful eyes.

"What did you say was your cousin's name?" asked Helen, as she left the tent and returned to the archery range to await her next turn to shoot.

"I don't know that I mentioned it; but it is Raymond Chauncey, the same as my own."

"How odd," said Helen.

It was a delightful day, a seemingly brilliant and successful one in every way, to Helen; and when, after dancing with her many times that evening, Mr. Chauncey asked leave to escort her home, Miss Darcy remembered, for the first time, her promise to Tracy.

She gave an affirmative answer to her host and then hastily sought her lover.

"Hal will you oblige me by seeing some other lady home? I know it is awful shabby of me to ask it, but Mr. Chauncey has asked to go with me, and I do not care to refuse him."

"Which Mr. Chauncey, Miss Darcy?" he questioned, quietly and coldly.

"Why, our host, of course," retorted Helen, petulantly. "You don't suppose I meant his pale, sickly cousin?"

"And how about the answer I was to have to-day? Am I to take it that you are taking this occasion with which you have chosen to treat me and the desperate way in which you have flirted with a man who was a stranger to you a few hours ago as to the outcome of the state of your heart towards me?"

"Yes, you may if you please," retorted Helen, "and you may go and console yourself with Bessie Delancy's devotion. She has been throwing herself at you very disgracefully to day. I only wonder that you had the heart to neglect her so long."

"You may be sure I shall not neglect her longer Miss Darcy; and that I shall take great pleasure in congratulating you when you succeed in winning the stake for which you are playing, and for the sake of which you have chosen to throw away the heart I offered you."

And with that he suddenly lifted one of her hands, kissed it, and went away.

Helen hurried back to the music, and the dancing.

The interview had left anything but a pleasant impression upon her mind.

"Where have you been, pray, so long? You have not played the host since we returned the last shaft, dear!" Helen said when Mr. Chauncey again joined her.

"No, I went with my cousin to his study, to see that he was quite comfortable," her companion answered quietly.

But he did not add that the study opened upon the verandah where she had been talking with Tracy, and that both he and the invalid had heard that conversation.

The summer days passed swiftly and pleasantly in Larrolton, and through them all the handsome Raymond Chauncey was most attentive to Miss Darcy.

But autumn came and he had not yet spoken the words which she most wished to hear.

But one evening—the evening after the last meeting of the archery club—the gentleman walked home with her, and Helen felt that matters would come to a crisis.

She needed some excitement, some triumph; for the day had been a most trying one.

She had learned of Tracy's engagement to Bessie Delancy and knew for truth that he had told her rightly, one evening of the past summer time, that in her heart of hearts she loved him.

But they were very different words that Raymond Chauncey spoke from what she had hoped to hear.

"Miss Darcy, of course you know that my cousin has quite recovered from the effects of the long illness with which he was suffering when he came here this summer, and perhaps you have guessed that he is engaged to sympathetic gentle little Gracie Mavern. They are to be quietly married, in a day or two, when we shall leave Cedarmere until spring, so that I will take this opportunity of bidding you good bye."

"Good bye!" cried Helen, agitatedly.

"Yes good bye; for I am not the heir of Cedarmere whom alone, I know you cared about winning. In fact, I am not rich at all, and must work my own way in the world now that I am through acting as nurse and companion to my cousin, and playing the host for him!"

And with an elaborate bow to the young lady, Raymond Chauncey went his way.

A Cleveland man sold a finger to a surgeon, to be transferred to a wealthy patient's incomplete hand. The price was $100. Half was paid down on amputation, and the other half has become the subject of a lawsuit. The former owner of the finger demands its return, in a default of payment, and the question arises whether a Judge can order it cut off the hand of the present owner.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

BY A. Y. S.

"Nay, mother, nay; the pictured coal is glowing
Dully and redly on the hearthstone there;
You was no flame of careless idlers' throwing,
Nor rocket flashing through the startled air;
'Twas but the gleaming of the Northern Lights—
Ah, there again, they reddened all the heights.

"So let me raise you softly on the pillow,
See how the crimson lustre flares and dies,
Turning to red the long heave of the billow,
And the great arch of the starry skies;
The fishers say such beauty bodes them sorrow,
Telling of storm and wind to blow to-morrow."

"No, child, the busy wife may bait her lines,
And net and gear lie ready for the morning,
No presage in that wavering glory shines,
No doom in the rich hues the clouds adorning;
They do but say the lingering hours are past,
The gates, the golden gates, unclose at last.

"Won, the long hill so steep and drear to climb,
Done, the long task so bitter hard in learning;
The tears are shed, and garnered up by time,
The heart beats, free from all its lonely yearning;
The bar swings back, and, flooding seas and skies,
Burst out the deathless lights of Paradise.

"See, see, by the great vales of pearl they stand—
Friends, children, husband; see glad hands outstretching!
For me, for me the undiscovered land,
Its promise in that rose-ate signal teaching;
Ay, kiss me, child, the lips will soon be dumb
That yet in earthly words can say, 'I come.'"

Again the banner of the Northern Lights
Waved broad and bright across the face of heaven;
And in the cottage, on the ragged heights,
The passing radiance, by their glory given,
Showed a pale orphan weeping by the bed,
And the calm smiling of the happy dead.

ABOUT SOME FISH

IN 1873, while sailing south, a dolphin was caught which was of unusual size, some 4 feet 6 inches long. It is exceedingly interesting to examine the stomach of all fish. In this dolphin, however, nothing very curious turned up, though the voracity of the fish was quite evident when the contents of the stomach were exposed. A lot of coal cinders were found, and at least a half-pound of 3-inch wrought-iron nails. An explanation of how the fish had swallowed such strange and indigestible hardware was readily found. The ship's cook was in the habit of cleaning out his stove every morning at 4 30 o'clock, and had been burning a quantity of old passengers' berth-boards which had been held together by wrought iron nails. These were the nails, mixed up with the cinders, which the dolphin had swallowed.

An instance of voracity of a similar character may be told of a shark. In the spring of 1861, while at anchor off the coast of Georgia, a ship's crew amused themselves by fishing. Their luck was poor. For some days all the lines were severed, and there was no sport. A pilot-boat told us that a tiger-shark was under our bottom, and that it had taken all our bait. We set to work to catch him. A shark-hook was baited with a piece o' pork, and this soon brought him to grief. We rigged a running bowline, a kind of nautical lasso, slipped it over his head, and soon had him hauled on board, stern foremost. After severing his vertebral column, we disembowled the monster. The contents of the shark's stomach were exposed to view. Among many minor items were several large lumps of clay, fully a pack of beef bones, many fish-hooks, with pieces of the lines, belonging to us, two horse-shoe crabs, 7 inches wide, pieces of shoes, probably ballast, and a half-worn boot. The most interesting point of this fish story is the finding of the fellow-boot and its owner. The inquisitiveness of the writer led him to examine the boot most carefully to find out what had been the effects of the gastric juices on the leather and the nails. On the upper some few spots of green were visible. This was determined to be green paint. The evidences were that somebody had been engaged in painting a short time before. But had the sailor dropped overboard from some vessel, had he been swallowed by the shark, and was this boot the sole mortal remains of the painter? That day a pilot was hailed, whose sides had just been newly painted. A kind of coroner's inquest held by me brought out the fact that Captain Smith, of the pilot-boat Savannah, had been decorating his boat, had accidentally dropped a boot overboard, splashed with green paint, and that the shark had swallowed it. In order to claim property the boot was presented and identified. The boot was then returned to its rightful owner, and, for what I know, this jetsam boot, miraculously saved from a shark's maw, may be still among the heirlooms of the Smith family.

The intelligence of fish remains as yet an unwritten chapter, which requires future study. What instincts we may allow birds in their migrations are followed out even more miraculously by fish. If birds can read landmarks, it is not improbable that the water fish can be guided by their eyes. Think of the shad in Chinese waters which mount up from the sea to the head of a river 1 000 miles distant from the ocean. There must be exceeding intelligence in the black bass, who protects her young as valiantly as does a hen her chicks. Think too of that fish which secures his food by a so ordination which is really not equalled by any other creature. The fish sees an insect on a leaf or spear of grass overhanging the water, he arises to the surface, sights the insect as a rifleman would his weapon of precision, and unerringly fires a drop of water, which never misses the tiny mark, the insect, which, knocked off its perch by the globule of water, falls into the stream, and is swallowed.

The assumption that fish possess a great amount of natural intelligence need not be doubted. A certain sagacity is absolutely necessary in order to enable fish to overcome the difficulties they must encounter in obtaining food. An instance of this character may be listed. Near the Marquesas Islands, the peaceful waters abound in fish and birds. There are constant schools of flying-fish and bonitos. The latter exist almost entirely on the former. The flying-fish, by clever flying, are always endeavoring to escape the jaws of the bonitos, while the devourers are up to all kinds of stratagems to circumvent their agile prey. The bonitos seem to study the curve the flying-fish will take in the air and the deflection caused by the wind, and shooting across in a straight line, will catch the flying-fish as he touches the water at the end of his flight. On one occasion, when the sea was smooth and the wind light, opportunity was taken to throw out a surface dredge in order to secure specimens. This dredge was made of gauze. For several evenings in succession I observed that shortly after sundown there were to be seen on the surface of the water numbers of flying-fish. Many of them were caught in the dredge, and when taken out were found to be disabled or dead. This occurrence was so remarkable that I was led to ask the reason why, and at once set about finding the cause. Watching the sea from a position taken on the bow of the ship as she was slowly surging through the water, I observed a large school of bonitos, who separated into three divisions. One took position directly ahead of the ship, the other two at some distance on either bow. Presently the party on the starboard attracted my attention by a disturbance on the surface. I saw them driving a school of flying-fish, who, to avoid the bonitos, tried to pass ahead of the ship, but they were prevented from doing so by the party on the larboard side. Frightened, then, by the bonitos advancing towards them and flanking them on both sides, they took wing, and after a few moments of hesitation, flew directly towards the ship's bow, always pursued by their enemies. They were corraled to to their fate. Hundreds were dashed against the ship's prow and fell into the water, maimed or killed, to be immediately gobbled by the bonitos, who awaited the ship's coming, passing astern to gorge themselves on their victims. This act was plainly observable from the stern of the ship, where the movements of the bonitos could be studied.

Grains of Gold.

Affliction, like the iron smith, shapes as it smites.

Politeness, like great thoughts, comes from the heart.

The vice that often pinches the closest is good advice.

An unskilful avoidance of faults often leads into error.

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

Nothing better promotes health than temperance and exercise.

Difficulties strengthen the mind as well as labor does the body.

Nothing will preserve wealth, when acquired, better than frugality and economy.

The bad prayers of men are sometimes granted to the destruction of the suppliants.

A person may have exceptional mental attainments, but if not truthful he will be despised.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable, than to leave reasoning on things above reason.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

Nothing adds more to the respectability of a man than a character for probity in all his accounts.

A man can profess more religion in fifty minutes than he can practise by working hard for fifty years.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

No man has ever yet reached to perfection, but no man has ever been rendered any worse by striving for it.

Serenity is no sign of security. A stream is never so smooth, equable, and silvery as at the instant before it becomes a cataract.

Oh, how good a thing and how peaceable it is to be silent of others, nor to believe all that is said, nor easily to report what one has heard.

Pride, like ambition, is sometimes virtuous, and sometimes vicious, according to the character in which it is found, and the object to which it is directed.

It is impossible to live pleasurably without living prudently, honorably and justly; or to live prudently, honorably and justly without living pleasurably.

It would appear that there is a great sympathy between the mind of man and falsehood; when we have a truth to tell, it takes better if covered in a fable.

As soon as we have gained knowledge, we shall find the best way to improve it will be exercise; in which, two things are to be carefully avoided—positiveness and affectation.

The faculities of intellect grow stronger by labor, and the sentiments of the soul acquire strength by the exercise of our will. The passions acquire strength by our weakness.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean benificence and candor, is the product of right reason.

Our neighbor's besetting sin is his differing from us. If he were only like ourselves, we should pardon all his faults. To be perfect he must be as like us as love is like the rose—"just like love."

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken, for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires; and, better than to speak, though never so well.

Let us not envy some men their accumulated riches; their burthen would be too heavy for us; we would not sacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honor, and conscience, to obtain them; it is to pay so dear for them that the bargain is a loss.

"It Works Like a Charm."

A patient in Indianapolis, who was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, sent for Compound Oxygen, and a week after receiving it, wrote: "It works like a charm! For six weeks I had suffered agony, and nothing relieved me until your medicine came. It is one week to-day since I commenced the inhalations, and the improvement is wonderful, and I thank God and you." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences

"Carmelite slate" is a new tint.

There are 300 kinds of lace made.

Embroidery on leather is a new pastime.

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

There are 36 000 female farmers in England.

A new and brilliant scarlet is called ponceau.

Brocade stuffs are imitated now in all the fabrics.

Violet wood makes a very stylish parasol handle.

Pilgrim gray and cancoree blue are among the newest tints.

The stocking should match the trimming if not the dress.

A New York lady uses camphor to flavor her fancy cakes.

Steel and gold in combination are greatly admired by the ladies.

A new cellarette called the Medici is made of puffs of mull muslin.

Lace open work is seen on many of the sweetest new stockings.

Dead white or bluish won't be so stylish as the creamy white dresses.

Queen Charlotte collars of immense size are worn by English women.

An Auburn, N. Y., city ordinance prohibits baby carriages on the streets.

A New York town has had a surprise party, "embracing 32 varieties of cake."

Wounding the thumb with a fork caused the amputation of a woman's arm above the elbow.

Because an Indiana woman was told that she "couldn't talk plain," she tried to commit suicide.

Something more than half the population of Japan is agricultural, and half of these are women.

"I'll have no more of your lip!" is what the discarded lover remarked to his angry sweetheart.

Business before pleasure—always pop the question before you attempt to hug your sweetheart.

Yeddo gives black coral, Italy the delicate pink, Sardinia the salmon, and Barbary the dark shades.

Michigan has a man with three arms. He is the only man who can take two girls sleighing and enjoy it.

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr Hempeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."

A journal heads an article, "A Lunatic Escapes and Marries a Widow." Escaped, eh? We should say he had got caught.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar girl, used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said, "she was sweet, but unrefined."

"Maiden's cheek" is the libelous name of a sort of dress goods when is of a sallow yellow color with polka dots of dark brown.

A Western paper says that woman regards house-cleaning as a failure unless it gives her a worse backache than her neighbor has.

The worst about kissing a Pottsville girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.

The class in German grammar is on the subject of genders. "Miss Fern, way is 'moon' masculine in German?" "So that she can go out alone at night, I suppose."

Bang your hair all you want to, girlie; then people can hear it, and know that you are coming. If "he" sneers at it, bang him. Bang anything—anything but the door.

A brute beast of a man says when you want to get the best of an argument with a woman of thirty, you should quietly lead off with "Now, then, when a woman of your age," etc.

"What is a woman's will?" shrieks a social scientist of the bachelor persuasion. Experience in our younger days teaches us that it is the only will that the heirs don't want to contest.

A man in Jersey, having married one of the twin daughters of a widow lady, after her death married his mother-in-law; the latter died, and then he espoused the remaining daughter.

A medical journal of Munich says that diphtheria caught by kissing is likely to assume a much severer form than if the disease were contracted, or the contagion imparted in any other way.

A wedding party was dismissed by the intended bridegroom, in an Indiana town. "I understood the young lady to say 'yes,'" he explained, "but it seems that I was mistaken, and she meant to say 'no.'"

A Western woman who married the next day after her husband's death, excused herself on the ground that there was a whole ham in the cellar, and she was afraid that it would spoil if she did not get someone to help to eat it.

A close student of human nature says that "when you see a young man and woman walking down the street like a pair of badly-matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation."

An old man in Maine refused to ride after his wife's funeral, saying that he wanted to take his last walk with her. And so, in a pouring rain, unprotected by an umbrella or an overcoat, he followed the hearse with bowed head a distance of more than a mile to the cemetery.

"In the hour of danger woman thinks the least of herself," said Madame de Stael. True. When the thunder roars, and the lightning flashes, and the big drops come down, the woman who is caught out in the storm devotes her agony to the thought that her hat and dress will be ruined.

"So you enjoyed your visit to the menagerie, did you?" inquired a Manayunk young man of his adored one's little sister.—"Oh, yes. And, do you know, we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looked exactly as you do when you are reciting poetry at the evening parties."

News Notes.

Every third person in Venice is a pauper.

There are three hundred species of violets.

A lady is President Garfield's family physician.

"Minerva's Eye" is a beautiful new shade of blue.

"Lucifer" red is the latest shade of that brigat color.

Sixty thousand Scandinavians are coming over this year.

Emigrants are pouring into Texas at the rate of 1 000 a day.

The Shah of Persia has given the new Czar a $60 000 sword.

Arizona has a population of 28 202 males and only 12 229 females.

The old fashioned holly-hock is gaining favor in many gardens.

The latest Vermont murderer hanged, had never heard of the Savior.

"Thanks," says a society waiter, "is too curt a word for thank you."

The "Mary" who owned the little lamb is still living in Massachusetts.

It costs $80 000 a year to print the postage stamps of the United States.

In 1860 there were 142 304 miles of telegraph wires in the United States.

"I am overwhelmed," were the last distinct words that Beaconsfield uttered.

A new style of parasol has a cork top and a handle made in the form of a champagne bottle.

A member of the Illinois Legislature saws wood in payment of his board during the session.

A little girl in Baltimore has broken her arm by falling while amusing herself with roller skates.

The business of the Supreme Court of the United States has increased 800 per cent in the last 20 years.

A San Francisco court has decided that a man has no right to whip his wife after he is divorced from her.

A North Carolina man having the stomach of an ostrich, swallows a handful of gravel after dinner every day.

California put up nearly 100 000 boxes of raisins last year, and made 18 000 000 gallons of wine.

A fellow in Boston, sentenced to 20 years in State Prison, deliberately cut off his right hand to incapacitate himself for labor.

The realism of the stage is extending. An Italian ballet troupe is preparing a dancing representation of a recent earthquake.

In Leadville, Col., they have a temperance pledge which binds the signer to neither treat nor be treated during the space of one year.

The striking waiters in a Denver hotel would not let the guests eat a dinner served up by new employes, until the police interfered.

A painting by Meissonier, the French artist, was sold at the rate of 20 cents per millimetre, a millimetre being about the size of a flea's head.

An individual was crazed by the honor of being elected Grand Master of the Odd Fellows in a Texan town, and had to be sent to the asylum.

A Georgia negro cut out his eyes with a penknife to escape being set at hard labor in the Penitentiary, to which he had been sentenced for ten years.

A sheet of writing paper worn next the person, directly over the chest, it is said, will prevent sea sickness. The remedy is also claimed to be efficacious in sea voyages.

The indictment against a woman who was convicted in London, Eng., the other day of obtaining money by false pretenses, was a truly appalling document, being over 100 feet in length.

The Czar's home is a Paradise for a hunter. A part of the wood belonging to it is consecrated to bear-hunting, and is hedged round, the bear being as much protected as if he were a fox in England.

In Oregon no man is allowed to take a drink at a public bar without taking out a license, and the newspapers publish interesting lists from time to time of the men who have obtained licenses.

The roof of a new church in Nevada is covered with tin from old cans. The number of oyster cans used was 2 265. Besides these there were 2 256 quart fruit cans and 256 one-gallon vegetable cans, making all joints waterproof.

A miscreant gave a little girl in Ohio two railroad torpedoes, telling her they were candies, and that she must open them with a stone. The child did as she was told with one of them, and the torpedo burst and destroyed her sight.

During Easter week much gingerbread, made so to represent great soldiers and other celebrities is made in Paris. Gambetta is done in gingerbread more than any other man. Grevy is sometimes copied, but there is never seen a Napoleon or a Thiers.

There is a crematory in South Boston. In the form of a lime kiln. Tramps crawl into it because it is warm, go comfortably to sleep, are overcome by the gas, and finally are burned to a crisp when the fire is freshened in the morning. Sixteen lives have thus been lost within a few years.

A jewel in a swine's snout would be no more preposterous than a $1 000 diamond ring in a horse's hoof. The latter absurdity recently came to pass in Tennessee. In the possession of a blacksmith's wife was found the ring, which a young lady lost while riding several years before. The blacksmith dislodged it in paring down the horse's hoof, and handed it to his wife, who restored it to the owner's father while he was visiting her sick child.

GIVE ATTENTION TO THE FIRST SYMPTOMS of a Lung Complaint, and check the dreaded disease in its incipiency, by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe old-fashioned remedy for all Affections of the Lungs and Bronchitis.

New Publications.

Octave Feuillet has always been a favorite with the public. In his latest work, "Beliah," just issued, the scenes is laid in Brittany, a part of France more full of picturesque legends than any other. Feuillet has taken an incident of the Vendean war and interwoven with it a passionate love story. The action of the tale fires the blood, and we read on breathless to the end. Beliah, the heroine, is one of those women whose patriotism and spirit of self-sacrifice are such that they are ready to die for their king—their country. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, publishers. Price, 75 cents.

"The Eichhoffs," of Moritz von Reichenbach, which Mrs. A. L. Wister has translated, is a society novel of the purest kind, and might almost be pronounced fit for the Sunday-school library. "The Eichhoffs" are an aristocratic family, and the book concerns itself mainly with the ante-matrimonial adventures of its two hopeful scions. The same lady has also translated "The Bailiff's Maid," a romance from the German of E. Marlitt, whose writings are a mine that this translator has worked most successfully. It is similar to, and equals in interest, the other works of this leading German novelist. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Culture and Cooking; or, Art in the Kitchen." It is a recital of experience by a lady who has acquired her knowledge in the practical school of the household kitchen, and who has an exceptional facility for making herself understood. Her advice is always sensible and to this point. It is a very excellent little book, of which every young housekeeper should become possessed. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, publishers, New York. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of Art for May contains the following engravings, accompanied by descriptive articles: "The Symbol," "Treasure Houses of Art," "Eagles and their Haunts," "Our Living Artists" "Apple Blossoms," "Children in Painting and Sculpture," "The Homes of Our Artists," "The Future of Sculpture in London," "Decorative Ironwork," "The Streets as Art-Galleries," "Pictures of the Year," "Shepherds Discovering the Head of Orpheus," Art Notes, etc. In every detail, either of engraving, printing, choice of matter, etc., this is as fine a work of its kind as was ever printed. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, New York.

Appleton's Journal for June has its usual fine series of contents. Among the articles are "Saints and Sinners," from the French of Cherbuliez; "Rambles Among Books;" "Recollections of Thomas Carlyle;" "The Comedy of the Duel;" "A Young Student's Impression of Aaron Burr;" "The Glen of the Clean of Arms;" "Pena' Servitude in Siberia;" "Taxation of Land Values;" "Romances of Leopold Kompert," etc., etc. The departments are filled with the usual amount of choice and interesting reading. Appleton & Co., publishers.

TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH.—"The question is often asked," said an experienced photographer, "why actors and actresses take the most pleasing pictures. It is because they study the principles of art and good taste in their profession, and understand how to dress. Moreover, they usually bring a selection of veils, flowers, curls, braids, laces, and sometimes costumes, to give the photographer a choice of accessories. They come when they are wholly at leisure, and are not flustered. A red face takes a back, and they know it. Then they do not load themselves down with newgaws and haberdasheries, to show all that they have got in worldly goods. Few persons know how to dress for a picture like an actress. The best materials for ladies to wear when about to sit for a photograph are such as will fold or drape nicely, like reps, poplins satins, and silks. Lavender, light sky-blue, purple, and French blue take very light, and are worse for a picture than pure white. Corn-color and salmon are better. China-pink, rose pink, magenta, crimson, pea green, buff, plum-color, dark purple, pure yellow, Mazarine-blue, navy-blue, fawn-color, Quaker-color, dove-color, ashes-of-roses, and stone color show a pretty light gray in the photograph. Scarlet, claret, garnet, sea-green, light orange, leather-color, light Bismarck, and slate-color take still darker, and are excellent colors to photograph. Cherry, wine color light apple-green, Matterhorn-green, dark apple-green, bottle-green, dark-orange, golden and red-brown, show nearly the same agreeable color in the picture. A black silk always looks well, and it takes well if not bedecked with ribbons and laces that will take white. Dark Bismarck and snuff-brown usually take blacker than a black silk or satin, and are not easy to drape. A silk, because it has more gloss and reflects more light, usually takes lighter than a woolen dress. Ladies with dark or brown hair should avoid contrasts in their costumes, as light substances photograph more quickly than dark, and ladies with light hair should dress in something lighter than those whose hair is dark or brown. Few ladies understand how to arrange their hair so as to harmonize with the form of the head, but blindly follow the fashion, be the neck long, or short, or the face narrow or broad. A broad face appears more so if the hair is arranged low over the forehead or is parted at the side, and a long neck becomes stork-like when the hair is built up high, while a few curls would make a most agreeable change in the effect. Powdered hair gives good effect, and powder should be strewed upon freckles."

ONLY A GLANCE.—How much is expressed in the glance one woman bestows upon another, under certain circumstances. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred, or perfectly kind-hearted, will eye another woman whom she thinks is not in such good society, and above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere—at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman, and what she has on from top knot to shoe-button? Men are never guilty of it, or with such rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of their sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, or at least epicene. But woman of sense, some breeding, and even of some kindness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretences, and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly, because it cannot be resented, and admits of no retort. It is a sure sign of meanness of the soul. M. S.

Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Facetiæ.

"A man can be just as happy without getting drunk," said Judge Slagg. "Why, I never was drunk in my life." And Mr. Bagbag replied: "Then, Judge, you don't know."

To destroy flies—Take a boarding house pie, cut it into thin slices, and lay it where the insects can have full access to it. In less than fifteen minutes the whole caboodle of them will be dead with the colic.

A minister who had received a number of calls, and could scarcely decide which was the best, asked the advice of a faithful old colored servant, who replied: "Master, go where there is the most devil."

An Irish auctioneer, whilst expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed: "How often has the widow's heart leapt for joy when she has beheld her husband at a distance brought near to her by such an instrument as this."

A poet says: "When the sun imprints a good-night kiss upon the western horizon the sky blushes." How pretty is the thought. The sky blushes when the sun rises in the morning, but then the poets are always asleep, for genius is generally late.

Two ten cent drinks a day will support a family with a jar—that is, if the drinks are not taken, and the money is invested in flour. We throw in this economical little hint as our Monday temperance lecture. Moral: Let somebody else pay for your drinks.

A remarkably intelligent young botanist asserts it as his firm conviction, strengthened by his public observation, not the less than by his private experience, that plants have a decided influence upon the actions of mankind in general, and of womankind, perhaps, in particular. In illustration of this axiom, he adduces with some shrewdness the indisputable fact that many a delicate young lady who would shrink, with maiden modesty, from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not the slightest objection to that ceremony if it be performed under the rose.

Eminent Physicians

are prescribing tost tried and true remedy, Kidney-Wort for the worst cases of billiousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefitted by a thorough course of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

An Old Landmark Gone.

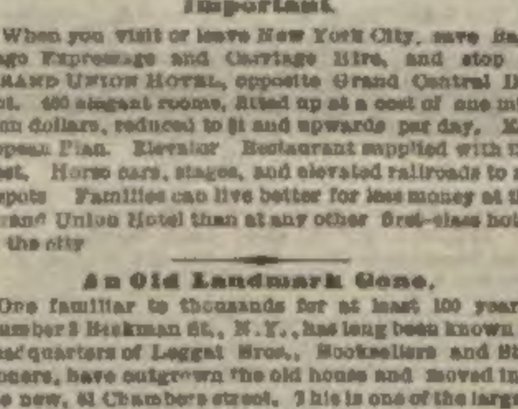
One familiar to thousands for at least 100 years, Number 3 Beekman St., N. Y., has long been known as head quarters of Leggat Bros., Booksellers and Stationers, have outgrown the old house and moved into the new, 41 Chambers street. This is one of the largest and cheapest houses in America in the book line.

C. G. STODDART, 312 Stock Exchange Place, Philadelphia, broker in stock privileges, negotiates stock privileges in large or small lots at close rates, and operates against the same if desired. Buys and sells in New York or Philadelphia. Miscellaneous securities for cash or on margin, in lots to suit. Commission moderate. Correspondence solicited.

That furred tongue, bad tasting mouth and miserable feeling, says you need Hop Bitters.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS

Why Suffer Needlessly

With the convulsing, spasmodic tortures of fever and ague and bilious remittent, when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, acknowledged to be a real curative of malarial fevers, will eradicate the cause of so much suffering. No less effective is this benignant alterative in cases of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, and in general debility and nervous weakness. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT speedily cure all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where, there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require ten or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 2 ASTOR PLACE, corner CHURCH St., New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

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There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

70 YOUR NAME in New Type on 70 Cards 10c.
New styles, by best artists; Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Flower Scenes, etc.,—no two alike. Agent's Complete Sample Book, 25c. Great variety Advertising and Fancy Cards. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 Somerset Fancy Advertising Cards, 50c. Address STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

I CANNOT pay $75 to $0 per day, but agents can make from $10 00 to $20.00 a day selling Electro Magnetic Cards, Batteries, Electrodes and other remedies. Send 20c for Battery or Electrode or stamp for terms to agents, with thousands of testimonials of cures.
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DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES
KIDNEY DISEASES,
LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Invalid.	Toupees and Scalps, Invalid.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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CORALINE CORSET.
Boned with a New Material,

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A Reward of $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

For sale by leading Merchants. Price by mail $1.25.

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372 Broadway, N. Y.

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS
AND SUSPENSORIES,

A certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and all derangements arising from sickness or indiscretions. They will cure when every other means have failed. They are the only remedies that will positively cure these complaints without the use of medicine. Send for illustrated pamphlet and give a brief statement of your case, and our Medical Electrician will advise you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 3 Bond Street, New York.

RIDGE'S FOOD. The most reliable food for Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every bottle.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling. State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co., 306 George St., Cincinnati, O.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT.—ILLUSTRATED Book sent free. Address T. MASON & CO., No. 111 Nassau St., New York.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

MAIDEN AND TIMEPIECE.

A youth sat on a sofa wide
Within a parlor dim;
The maid who lingered by his side
Was all the world to him.

What brought that glad light to his eye—
That cadence to his tone?
Why burns the lamp of love so high
Though midnight's hour hath flown?

The clock above the glowing grate
Has stopped at half-past ten;
And long as that young man may wait
It will not strike again.

The artful maiden knows full well
What makes the clock act so,
And why no earthly power can tell
The time for him to go.

U. M. Nous.

Humorous.

There's a striking difference between labor and capital.

The watch-repairer is always engaged in spring cleaning.

Now plant the watermelon, that luscious capsule of pink moisture.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more

A gentleman who was very much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.

"What is love?" It's a feeling that you don't want any other fellow going around with her.

Say for instance, a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?

The man who minds his own business was in the city on Saturday, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

Somebody is quoted as saying that an apt quotation is as good as an original remark. In many cases it is better.

Model wives formerly took "a stitch in time;" now, with the aid of a sewing-machine, they take one in no time.

A slight twinge in the shoulders is an indication of an atmospheric change. A twinge in the pocket-book is a sign of no change.

An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the "fleshy part of the thigh bone."

A little girl riding past a pond on'y partly covered with ice, exclaimed, "O', papa, I know now what water is—it's the juice of ice!"

When the types are made to say that an honest man "is the noblest work of God," it is time to throw glass bombs into the composing-room.

"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a boarder to a female domestic. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as extra rent."

Very nearly every young man understands how to sow his wild oats, and yet has not the remotest idea of the proper way to plant turnips.

The new Czar leads a very simple life. He rises early and breakfasts with his family, and then puts on his boiler-iron overcoat and takes a walk in the backyard.

A street-car conductor carelessly carried his bell-punch home and allowed his children to play with it. The next day the company informed him that he was 9,000,999 fares short.

It is said that New York lawyers write with their toes, and the reason given for it is, that a majority of them spend the most of their office hours with their feet upon their desks.

A morning paper has the following advertisement: "A good general servant wanted, who understands plain cooking, and making butter in a small family." Butter makes it in a churn.

"What is worse than freckles?" asks an exchange. Corns, sonny, corns. They don't show so much when you're dressed up, but then if you keep straight no one can step on your freckles.

The most remarkable case on record is that of the Yankee soap man, who, in a violent storm at sea, saved himself from death by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

Life in the market: "Isn't that a beautiful color?" said a fish-dealer, as he cut into a large salmon. "Yes," said Fleetsam; "I expect he's blushing at the extravagant price he is getting for himself."

A Cincinnati man disappeared, and seven detectives couldn't find him in nine weeks. But a shrewd politician got the Mayor to appoint the man to office, and two hours later he came in on the run to be sworn in.

Oh, why will you let that invalid friend suffer that Hop Bitters will so certainly cure. Read adv't.

A sleeper is one who sleeps; a sleeper is also a place where a sleeper can sleep; and a sleeper is, too, a thing over which runs the sleeper in which the sleeper sleeps; so that the sleeper in the sleeper sleeps, while the sleeper runs on, as well as sometimes leaps on the track.

Many a man who thinks himself a great gun is nothing more than a big bore.

The Power of the Press.

In no way is the power of the press more surely shown than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year been diffused throughout fifty millions of people of the wonderful curative properties of that splendid remedy, Kidney-Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and their knowledge of what is in the papers, by already making Kidney-Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—Herald.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philada., Pa.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years. —is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post-free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Med. Co. Office, 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

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PLEASE STATE THIS PAPER, YOU SAW THIS IN.

Rupture

ITS RELIEF AND CURE AS CERTAIN AS DAY FOLLOWS DAY, WITHOUT ANY OPERATION OR HINDRANCE FROM LABOR.

Since the reduction of Dr. Sherman's terms thousands are crowding upon him for treatment, gladly throwing away their galling, irksome, disgusting and life-punishing trusses. His treatment for this affliction makes the patient comfortable and safe in the performance of every kind of exercise or labor. It is a grand thing, and those who are ruptured and do not provide themselves with it must endure the dangers of that precarious affliction and the use of trusses all through life. Thousands of those cured give the most flattering testimonials of gratitude to Dr. Sherman. He is the author and inventor of his popular system; he imparts his secret to no one; it is an honorable to all; class cases, and, under his reduced rate, within the reach of almost every one.

Patients can receive treatment and leave for home the same day. Dr. Sherman's Book on Rupture gives convincing proofs from professional gentlemen and others of his successful treatment. It is illustrated with photograph pictures of bad cases before and after cure, and is sent to those who send 10 cents. Principal office, 251 Broadway, N. Y. Branch office, 43 Milk street, Boston. Days in New York—Monday, Tuesday, Saturday. In Boston—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

In writing to Dr. Sherman, name this paper.

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Other books equally low.
Full descriptive catalogue free.
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AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO AGENTS. Goods Unsold Returned. If you are out of employment and want to start in a business you can make from $5 to $10 a day clear, and take no risk of loss. We will send you on receipt of $1, goods that will sell readily in a few days, for $25. If the agent fails to sell these goods in four days they can return all unsold to us and we will return them their money. Can anything be fairer? We take all risk of loss and the agent gets started in a business that will be permanent, and pay from $1,000 to $3,000 a year. Ladies can do as well as men. We want an agent in every county. Full particulars free. Address U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., 118 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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The COMBINATION WATCH CHARM COMPASS AND MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFIES 500 TIMES.
We have just perfected and are now offering this combination to Agents and the public for the first time. Its magnifying power is equal to a $3 microscope. As a compass, it is worth more than the price of the combination, and it makes a neat and novel watch charm.
Sample, by mail, nickel-plated, 50c.
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Address, E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

Hope for the Suffering!

A sealed pamphlet on SPECIFIC REMEDIES for SPECIFIC DISEASES, detailing a reliable method of cure in those diseases occasioned by folly and excess, whether affecting the nervous system or blood. SENT FREE on receipt of two stamps to pay postage. Ladies and Gents, weakness and impure blood yield to Specific Remedies. Address
SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO.,
Box 329, Buffalo, N. Y.

INVENTORS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1,000 pages, 500 Engravings, 400 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms and Catalogue of 500 fast selling books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 73 Beekman St., New York.

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30 ALL Lovely Moss Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agents sample book including Outfit 20. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

70 NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS, Name on 10c., or 40 all GILT & BEVEL EDGE Cards 10c. The U. S. Card Factory Co., Clintonville, Ct.

50 All Gold Chromo & Lit'a Cards (no 2 Alike.) Name on, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE FANS

At about one half former prices. Each Fan contains unique and elegant designs interspersed with silver spray, two silver hands or borders encircling the whole. The Ribs and Guards are heavily lacquered, the latter being beautifully decorated with either Gold or Silver. We have selected the latest and most fashionable shades of color, and ladies who desire a stylish and really beautiful fan at a trifling cost, either to present to a friend or for their own use, should order one or more at once. Our lady friends must not associate these fans with the common Japanese fans sold at a low price. The above illustration is an exact representation of the fan. Each fan packed in a strong box. Price 21 cents, or seven 3c. postage stamps. Three fans (different shades of color if desired) for 50 cents. Send more postage stamps of any denomination, and we will mail the fans postpaid. Address

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Ladies' Department

FASHION NOTES.

SHOT SILKS are most beautiful and varied this spring, of all the colors of the rainbow—garnet, pale ruby shot with green or velvet, blue shot with pink, rose-colored, shot with lilac, greenish blue, Egyptian turquoise, the softest of shades. Great taste and tact are necessary in the selection of such materials.

Fruits, nuts, and thistles are among the quaint designs, and out-of-date flowers, such as Canterbury bells, are reproduced in miniature with good effect.

"China effects" are not wanting in these lovely Pompadour satins, which combine admirably with the plain satins above named. These plain dyed satins can be utilized for underskirts, or used as trimming. They have all the appearance of satin merveilleux, and if chosen of any durable color will last long without showing signs of wear.

Among the printed cambrics, there is an almost equally extensive selection of designs upon the clear white ground whose purity shows all the beauty of the designs, and the brilliancy of the colorings.

Endless stripes from mille rayes to wide bands, including novel and zigzag stripes; chequers, from the tiny shepherd's plaid chequer to squares formed by a series of quaint curves.

Japanese designs are less used, but the old popular tiny rose bud is to be had in all colors.

Hair-cord, well known for its endless wearing power, is well represented in seven or eight colors, broken lines, broken squares and lines, and squares in shaded rows, are among the novelties.

No one would imagine that china jars would make a good design for a print dress if a dozen or two of all sizes were rolled together, yet this pattern is very effective in nearly all colors.

A very pretty spring costume is of camel's hair of a medium shade of brown. The skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, arranged in wide pleats, divided at regular distances by pieces of softly-tinted plaid surah; the tunic, opening in the shape of an inverted V, shows three enormous bows of the same surah on the front of the skirt; and this pretty material is effectively mingled with the draperies of the tournure at the back. The bodice, made jacket-fashion, opens down to the waist-line, over a plastron of surah finely shirred. The neck and sleeves are finished with a deep collar and facings of the plaid surah.

Besides satinettes there are among the new washing materials percale foulard, and percale taffetas, both very silky-looking cotton goods; foulard d'Alsace, in pretty Pompadour designs; and twilled cretonne in a variety of small patterns.

All these fabrics are to be had both figured and plain for summer costumes. I will describe a few:

A costume of olive-colored satinette has a jacket-bodice trimmed down the front with bands of figured satinette, and with a collar and sleeve-facings of the same. The skirt has three pleated flounces, each with a figured border round the edge; in the upper part a drapery, very narrow in front, where it crosses just below the basque, deeper and gathered over the hips, and continued behind into a draped tournure.

Another costume is of percale foulard, in a pretty new Egyptian pattern in shades of dark-blue, brown, and old-gold, relieved by a few touches of deep red over a greyish-blue ground. The bodice has a deep square basque, but is finely pleated over the fronts and confined round the waist with a band. Collar, cuffs, and pipings of dark-blue percale; five gathered flounces are superposed down the front of the skirt and piped with red. Behind is a full but narrow draped tournure of the same.

Again, a costume of printed cretonne in a floral pattern, over a pale salmon ground, has a basque-bodice, finely pleated down the middle of the front and back. Shirt-front trimmed with one deep flounce at the foot, and five small ones above it; draperies simulating an open tunic are turned back on each side and form the tournure at the back.

Costumes of fancy woollen materials are made much in the same style, but perhaps more simply.

Traveling and walking dresses have one deep flouncing round the bottom, with one tiny one underneath; this is very often of satin or surah. Two scarfs are pleated and crossed over the front and loosely tied behind into a bow and ends. The bodice is a jacket either single or double-breasted, but generally has some sort of facings. In many cases a belt is worn over the basque.

Not a few of the latest models have the bodice and draperies of woollen material, and only the foot of the skirt trimmed with surah or satin; the collar and facings of the bodice are also of the same. This is also the case with self-colored materials, and figured and striped ones; the latter are used for trimming, while the foundation of the dress is self-colored.

Crescent fans will be used for semi-dress in very large sizes, with only a few wide sticks of ebony for their support, like the fans imported for decoration. Very gay cretonnes are used, and there is a picture in the centre

New "spread" fans are provided with a reticule for the handkerchief. These are made of satin laid over a cheap Japanese paper fan with a bamboo stick; the shirred pocket is sewed on one side, and there are branches of flowers painted by hand, or else a wreath or border. A long loop of satin ribbon is added to pass over the arm, or to be stitched to the waist. A cord of passementerie is around the edges.

The new parasols have twelve ribs, which said ribs are displayed by the parasol lining being placed beneath, instead of covering them; of course these ribs are very ornamental, being nickeled and gilt, and also are of bright steely appearance. The parasol per se is made of Merveilleux satin, of satin de Lyons, of striped satin, and of shaded silks and satins.

They are larger and not so flat as those of last summer, and are covered with satin merveilleux, surah, and broche satin.

The Mercedes is novel, as by an ingenious contrivance the outside covers the projecting top of the stick, and forms a sort of canopy, ornamented with lace or beads to match the trimming.

Some of the parasols are closed by means of rings, and the ornaments are very large olive drops in passementerie style, but made of the two colors used in the parasol and lining, or in case of one shade only being used, the olives are mingled with gold thread. They are generally lined with self-colored satin, or with a contrasting color; some of the prettiest have a golden mastic shade.

Broche damask is much employed for parasols, and contrasts well with the satin lining; other parasols of plain satin have striped borders, the stripes being shaded.

Again, another series of parasols has a plain satin exterior, the lining being for plain satin; these tartan parasols are likely to be very much worn, and are decidedly serviceable.

The colored and shaded Jamaica parasols are very distingue; another fashionable sunshade is called the Porte-bonheur parasol, it has a large ring at the top, and can be hung on the wrist, the said ring being exactly like the silver bangle bracelets so much worn.

Besides the Mercedes, the three newest parasols I have seen are called Artiste, Robinson, and Ninon.

The Artiste is in cretonne, studded with birds, and decorated with a palette of colors. The Robinson has fifteen ribs, and is covered with flowers; the Ninon is an Indian foulard, embroidered with gold or silver thread.

Capotes will be the favorite model for dressy bonnets, while for ordinary occasions every variety of shape will be permissible; round, pointed, or turned-up brims, raised on both or on one side only.

Fichus, collarettes and cravat bows and jabots, are indispensable to an elegant toilette, whether to be worn at home or in society. Small black or white lace scarfs are loosely tied round the neck, and fastened under a piquet of flowers near the left or right shoulder; and for jabot bows, where lace is arranged in cascades, between the pleats are fixed jewelled pins, and sometimes there are as many as seven of these pins in one bow, but even in adjusting these little ornaments, a certain nicety and taste are required and all stiff regularity must be discarded, remembering that harmonious disorder is true art; and this species of irregularity (if we may so express it) is seen in everything relating to the toilette, in the drapery that forms the berthe of the decolle to corsage, with its uneven pleats and width, to the bouquet of flowers ornamenting it, which must on no account be placed in the centre, but on one of the sides, and then not placed, but, as it were, thrown carelessly on the soft tulle or lace, and the same observations and rules are applicable to all trimmings of bonnets, whether of feathers, flowers or metal ornaments.

A marked feature of the spring modes is the number of shaded materials employed, both for millinery and dress purposes.

There are endless varieties of ribbons in the most lovely tints, showing every gradation of a single color, from the darkest to the lightest shade; in some the shading is carried from the edge to the centre, and in others from one edge to the other, but in all the effect is beautiful.

In addition to being shaded, many of the new ribbons have ornamentations of flowers, Oriental designs, or small stars, in raised satin, in one of the darker shades of the dominant color; then there are shaded chequered ribbons, in bright contrasting colors, so charmingly blended as to appear like a self-colored tissue at a little distance.

Chenille ribbons are likewise in all the new pretty shades, the surface being covered with silky hairs not unlike plush.

Surah ribbons in self-colors have raised irregular chequers in satin; and rash ribbons of Oriental surah display the most charming effects of light and shade, and in some cases are interwoven with extremely fine threads of dull gold, or dark silver.

Fireside Chat.

LOVELY cards may be made of dried flowers or ferns.

In case any of my readers may wish to attempt the art of drying flowers, I will describe the process.

Obtain two boards and a couple of thin leathern straps; these will be sufficient for your purpose if you do not wish to go to the expense of a correctly-made press; and some botanical blotting-paper; I prefer it rather fine and white.

Gather the flowers, if possible, on a dry day, and place them, after having cut any large stalks, between two of the sheets of paper.

Between each layer of flowers place at least three or four sheets of paper, and strap the whole between the boards as tightly as you can.

Change the papers daily until the flowers are nearly dry, they every few days will be sufficient until they are quite dry.

Draw the design upon a card, of course seeing that it is a suitable one for the purpose.

An empty basket, a vase, a plain wooden cross, or merely a few stalks and a bow of ribbon, are suitable designs when you have a sufficient variety of flowers.

Make some very strong gum—I find the powdered gum of arabic the best—and arrange the flowers on the design according to your fancy.

The leaves of the flowers painted, and merely the dried flower itself gummed on, makes a pretty variety.

Geranium malle, Ranunculus bulbosus, Potentilla Potentilla, Tormentille are useful flowers, and the common heather, Erica vulgaris, dries well.

Circular hand screens of straw, or the large palm-leaf fan, are covered with a broad scarf lace, standing out beyond the edge all round, gathered in full in the centre, and finished off with a pretty spray of artificial maidenhair, leaves, and flowers.

The handles are fastened together and hidden by a ribbon twisted round, with a dainty bow at each end.

One yard of lace, about 5½ inches wide, covers each, and a yard of ribbon is also required. Larger screens are also used, and have only one large bow of shaded ribbon tying the handles together, and a cluster of artificial flowers in the centre.

Others are covered with plain or shaded silk, with a lace edging, and a cluster of fruit in the centre.

I can assure anyone making these hand-screens that for a moderate outlay a most attractive table for a fete could be furnished with only hand-screens of several varieties, and wall-baskets decorated in the same way.

The hand-screens or fans in colored silk or lace, are much used now by the ladies in the evening, as well as fire-shades at afternoon teas in the same way. They are also pretty on a mantelshelf.

Palm-leaf fans are now also gilded, and edged with a quilling of lace and ribbon, and ornamented with a cluster of large roses on one side. There is a gilding wash which is suitable for the purpose, and can be had at moderate cost.

The wall baskets have two rows of ribbon on them, one placed in the centre of the flat part that is fastened to the wall, and the other on the projecting part. This last bow is larger and fuller than the other, and has a cluster of fruit or flowers in the centre.

Little lengths of either plain or shaded ribbon can be cut into lengths of seven or eight inches long and four to five inches wide, edged at each end with lace, gathered up, with one or two rows of gauging the centre, and converted into pretty ornaments for the front of the dress.

Muslin can be made up in the same way, and scraps of colored satteen.

Other scraps can be mounted over double pieces of cardboard cut into the form of a miniature fan, then joined together to hold pins.

These fans can be of various sizes, and the divisions are marked by gold or colored silk. A small floral design can be worked or painted on. The pins are put in all round the edge.

Other pincushions of old gold satin, mounted in the same way over cardboard, in the shape of Maltese crosses, with a small one worked in red silk in the centre, and pins put in all round, are also novelties.

A lovely baby's quilt can be made of a piece of blue, pink, or white satin sheeting, with sprays worked at intervals of forget-me-nots and leaves in arrasene, the stalks being apparently tied with a tiny bow of satin ribbon sewn on; lace round the edge.

Another quilt can be arranged of alternate stripes of plain and quilted blue satin, all in one piece, with piece of white cashmere, embroidered with arrasene or silks, of rosebuds and leaves, laid down the plain stripes, each cashmere piece four inches wide.

A perambulator cover of alternate stripes of brown holland and red or navy blue twill, with a running pattern worked in cream-colored flourishing thread on the twill, and edged all round with the new red and blue knotted coarse lace, has a very pretty effect.

White, black, or red cotton parasols, as well as both silk and satin ones, can be decorated with a floral design, painted in oils.

So many church or charitable fairs occur during the summer that some suggestions for novelties and saleable articles may not come amiss.

After the request for contributions of work has been received from friends, the thought invariably occurs, "What can I make that is novel and attractive?"

The new tea-cloth aprons of colored sateen, covered with Madras muslin, are very pretty. They are nearly a yard square, and are usually made with one corner forming the bib, and a band round the waist outside. Two corners have ribbons sewn on, and these ribbons tie at the back of the skirt.

Pink, blue, and mauve are the most fashionable colors, and there are bows of shaded ribbon on the two pockets, and a frill of same colored lace all round.

The Madras muslin is two yards wide, so two aprons can be got out of one yard, or three smaller ones.

There are other aprons made of plain colored foulard, with two flounces of shaded surah, and a spray of flowers worked or painted to one side of the plain part.

And there are satin sheetings and crash ones, with painted flowers. On crash, red twill is cut out in the form of large poppies, appliqued with red ingrained cotton, and a centre formed by raised knots of crewels. The leaves are of crewels also the stalks. On white and dark-blue linen twill poppies are very effective.

The last novelty is to arrange a few artificial poppies, as a spray or a border; fasten them to the crash, or cream, or old-gold sateen sheeting, remove some of the petals so that the flower lies closely flat, and then appliqué them with red silk, in long stitches, like veins. The stalks are done in silks, and the leaves in crewels, veined with silks.

Tennis pouches are arranged in the same way, also some of the fashionable new sachets for holding night-dresses, and for the brush and comb at a toilet-table.

Sunflowers, on brown or peacock satin sheeting, and stamped pinan, can be arranged the same way.

Handsome and most effective bordering for small tables, mantel valances, and curtains are ornamented in this way. Sometimes the leaves are of cloth or scraps of velvet, cut out, laid on, and appliqué with silk. Common baskets are ornamented in this way.

A little girl in Sunday-school was asked by her teacher if she always said her prayers night and morning. "No, teacher, I don't." "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking the good father to take care of you and watch over you till the morning?" "No, teacher, I ain't, cause I sleep in the middle."

Answers to Inquirers.

R. M. I. (Manor Hill, Pa.)—So far as we know, they are reliable.

W. H. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We are not acquainted with his whereabouts.

A. S. W. (La Grange, Ga.)—So far as we know, they are entirely reliable.

M. F. C. (Water Valley Miss.)—Send on the story, and if suitable we will publish it with pleasure.

C. W. T. (Rockford, Ala.)—We know nothing of the stories you mention. Why not send an inquiry to the paper which published them?

SUBSCRIBER, (Cambria, Wis.)—No paper of that name is published in this city. We never heard of the story, and cannot tell even where you might enquire about it.

G. M. (Carlisle, Ark.)—We cannot tell whether it will meet your anticipations, as you may expect too much, but we believe they are worth all that is asked for them, and the firm is good.

G. L. M. (Monroe, O.)—We do not think the work is yet ready for distribution to the general public. Address a letter to the Bible Publication Society, 7th and Walnut streets, Philadelphia.

J. N. M. (Silver Reef Utah)—We know nothing about the firm in question. They were in the locality mentioned about a year ago, but have since, we believe, moved to some part of New York.

A. B. C. (Sarton, Pa.)—This is a question to which no rule of etiquette applies and, indeed which needs none. We think that the average young man under the circumstances, would prefer sitting beside his own lady, rather than opposite her, and in the absence of any law on the matter, a general example may be agreeably followed.

J. B. M. (Deerbrook, Miss.)—1. These are questions that you will have to settle for yourself, as almost every farmer has a different opinion on the subject. Not knowing which is best, we prefer to give none. 2. Your subscription expires in the middle of June. 3. They are as far superior as anything can be. Read the testimonials published weekly in the paper.

C. S. D.—Common letters are thrown at once into bags or receptacles ticketed for the different States, and are not looked after again until they reach their destination. Thus they make a through trip on the express as it were. Registered letters must be handled during registration by different clerks, to ensure safety and comply with the law. This consumes time and causes the delay.

SUBSCRIBER, (Wis. Ter.)—There is no white elephant in the Zoological Garden of this city. White elephants are rarely or never found out of Asia. They are very scarce even there, not being a family in themselves, but mere freaks of nature, like Albinos among men. In Siam they are kept exclusively by royalty, being supposed to contain the souls of dead kings, and are accorded the highest honors.

BUTTERCUP, (Sheffield, Ill.)—We do not know, but suppose it likely both words and music are sent. There is a house in this city which publishes songs—words and music—at a penny each. We think you may get a good second-hand piano for seventy-five dollars. There is a chance also that you may get a bad one. "Facetiæ" means a collection of humorous things. It is from the Latin. You spell it correctly. It is pronounced as though spelled "fa-she-she-e," accent on the second syllable. Your handwriting is not poor.

PIRATE QUEEN, (W.T.)—Until he explains himself, receive no attentions whatever from him, excepting the barest civilities of acquaintanceship. There is something lacking in the man's character, or he would not have so conducted himself towards you while engaged to another woman. Whether or not the engagement is now broken off you must be cautious. The more so since it is in doubt. If he is honest in his feelings and means fair, he will tell the truth at once, without hint or inquiry from you. Should he not do so, keep him at a safe distance.

W. A. E. (Hope, N. C.)—1. You can get it at T. B. Peterson & Bros. Publishers, this city. The price will be seventy-five cents. 2. There is no certain age when it is best for young men to marry. Circumstances may make that a proper age in one case which would not be so in another. As a mere matter of opinion we think that from twenty-seven to thirty-five years is best for all parties concerned. 3. Pimples on the face are usually caused by an impure condition of the blood. Correct this by the use of some simple medicine, and the grievance will disappear.

J. W. C. (Hesston, La.)—We really cannot tell who was the first lady who introduced the fashion of hanging the hair, or whether it was a lady at all. The style was known thousands of years ago. We can conceive of no other origin for the name than that its appearance naturally professes the impression of its having been recklessly "banged" about. 2. There are houses where you might have the music written, and by reading a postal directed to yourself we will forward an address. 3. John Wanamaker is the very foremost man in his line in the whole United States. His business establishment is a small city in itself in extent, wealth, and numbers.

E. J. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You ask us to explain what is meant by "evanescent charms." The words are simple enough. Evanescent is the opposite of permanent, and evanescent charms may be thus expressed: the power to please for a short time. We suspect, however, that what you want to know is, what this power consists in. The question is a very wide one, and presents itself in all manner of forms. For instance, it is true that plain women do almost always over estimate power of beauty. So also do many of the fair possessors of this boon themselves. A very pretty girl was once heard to say that she had no need to study or improve her mind, for her beauty would "carry her through anywhere." It was, in her opinion, not necessary or particularly desirable that she should know how to converse on any deeper subject than croquet or the last Italian opera. On the other hand, women are continually losing their husbands because of their reliance upon evanescent personal charms to retain affection.

JAMES B. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The origin of the game of billiards is uncertain, although several stories are told concerning it. It was imported into Britain from France, and was known to Englishmen by name as early as the sixteenth century, since Shakspeare speaks of it—he seems to have been little less than omniscient—in several of his dramas. He even portrays Cleopatra as amusing herself with billiards, but this is unquestionably one of the palpable anachronisms to which he appears to have been indifferent, and which are scattered throughout his plays. The game itself was in all likelihood mediæval, but as played nowadays is comparatively modern. For two centuries it was played with only two (white) balls, and when the red (red) ball was imported into Britain, the red winning hazard, or boiling of the red ball was well nigh the sole object of the players. The billiard table of the present is as different as well can be from the billiard table of two hundred years ago, as persons know who have noticed their evolutions as represented by the tables of divers arts. The greatest billiardists are the Russians, Spaniards, French, and Americans, who now play it more than any other nation. Every year the popularity of the game increases.

J. E. (Alvarado, Tex.)—We believe not. Indications of a planet interior to Mercury have been discovered, but that is all. The efforts of leading astronomers are now directed to solving the question. As the occasions when anything like accurate observations can be made occur but seldom, progress towards certainty is very slow. 2. White is the color of pure light, that is, the absence of all color in the usual sense of the word. Black on the contrary, is the result of the combination of all the primary colors, thus being the opposite to the other. 3. Artesian wells operate by hydrostatic pressure. They are invariably bored in hollows or low lying plains. The object is to reach a porous or water-bearing stratum, lying between impermeable clay above and hard rock beneath. This is the relation of the veins supplying artesian wells whatever the nature of the soil. Being in a hollow, the stratum supplying the reservoir reaches to a greater or less height on the surrounding hills or mountains. It is thus very easy to see that the greater the fall of the water from these heights towards the reservoir of the well the greater will be its force of ejection. You will also perceive by this why the deeper you go with the well the greater will be the jet. The case is really parallel to the operation of the hydrostatic or water fixtures of a house supplied by waterworks. Remember the axiom of payers that water always seeks its own level. 4. Clouds hang in the atmosphere on account of the constantly working currents of caloric rendering them buoyant. The heat is of less specific gravity than the atmosphere, the moisture of the clouds, of greater. By mingling, however, the clouds are supported in the same way as a balloon in the air, or as an iron ship in the water.